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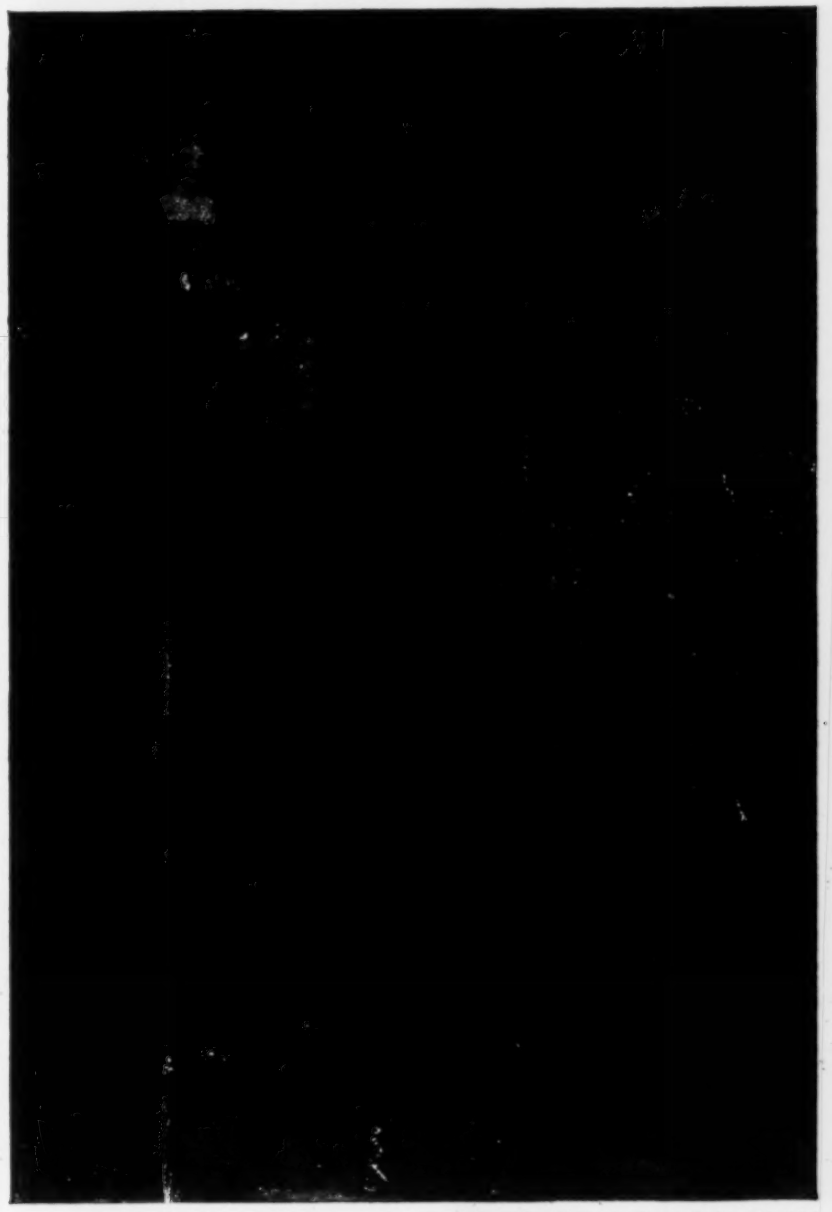

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The Christmas Bookman is now in preparation and detailed announcement of contents will appear in our next Number. Meanwhile, we would urge our readers to place their orders without delay, to avoid disappointment, as the Christmas Number always goes out of print before or immediately after publication, and cannot be reprinted.

The picture on our cover is from "The Golden Book of Famous Women" (Hodder & Stoughton) illustrated in colour by Miss Eleanor Brickdale.

When three men make the same complaint, each without knowing the others, and without knowing that the others have made it, you may reasonably begin to think there really is something the matter Some of us have fallen into a habit of saying that we get far too much fiction, though we grant, as a mitigating circumstance, that latter-day fiction reaches a higher average of artistic achievement than was common to it at any time before; and that this is especially true in the case of the short story. I might have said the same myself a few weeks ago, but in the last few weeks two magazine editors and a well-known literary agent have assured me that, at any rate, so far as the short story is concerned, the facts are otherwise.

The agent said: "My office is choked with short stories, and my assistants and I have to read, roughly speaking, at least a hundred manuscripts before we find one good enough to publish, or even good enough to offer to an editor—which is not necessarily the same thing. And I have only half a dozen authors, two of them not famous, who can be depended upon, if you commission them, to bring you stories that are worth the prices they require. The others—though experienced and popular—are unreliable; you have to take your chance;

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they may send you one of the finest stories you ever read, or a feeble or commonplace thing, so like so many others that you would think the typewriter must have turned it out automatically while the author wasn't looking." The editors uttered almost exactly the same lamentation, and one added: "If you see one or two duffing short stories in our magazine any month, don't think my judgment is failing and I ought to be in a mental home—it isn't that, but the magazine has got to be filled and I assure you that some months it is absolutely impossible to get enough first-class stories to fill it, so we have to make up with the best we can find, and you needn't tell me how bad they are, because I know."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Harry Tighe,** whose new novel, "Women of the Hills," will be published this month by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

This deplorable state of things could be understood at once if it were true, as the critics often insist, that the short story is about the most difficult form of literary art. But one famous novelist (I think it was Arnold Bennett) has denied this, and says it is not nearly so difficult as writing a novel. Probably, however, that depends upon the author; for each is bound to find easiest the form of art which is best suited to his temperament and native gifts. It frequently happens that the great novelist fumbles and falls off when he turns his hand to the writing of short stories; and as often as not the supreme masters of the short story never attempt a novel, or produce inferior work when they do. Of course, short stories of a sort are as plentiful as blackberries, but the kind that outlasts the blackberry season is not so common, yet I doubt whether it is so rare as those editorial complaints would seem to imply. Some of our ablest short story writers have assured me—three of our most distinguished women novelists in particular—that the English magazines usually reject their stories as too subtle or too sombre for the general reader, though the American magazines are always wide open to them. Apart from this, one has only to glance over the railway bookstalls to recognise that there is no market in the literary world larger than that for short stories. For every magazine that existed fifty years ago there are now at least a dozen; they nearly all want short stories; several want nothing else. And I should not like to say off-hand how many weekly journals and newspapers are also asking for them, nor how many dailies. This leaves a large margin of opportunity for writers of very modest gifts, since a supply of first-class story writers sufficient to cope with such a nearly unlimited demand is a boon past praying for. The demand has called forth a plenitude of admirable handbooks and schools that can teach any intelligent man the tricks of the literary trade, but unless he can also bring an imagination of his own to it and those personal qualities that give colour and feeling and character to whatever he writes, though he may carry on a profitable business, he will never be more than an accomplished craftsman. There is, unfortunately, no recipe for genius.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose "My Life and Some Letters" Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

If you look through those two excellent volumes of "Selected Short Stories" which the Oxford Press recently added to their World's Classics library, you will notice that from all the authors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, English and American (including none that are living), they have chosen only twenty, and six or seven are represented in both volumes. Take it that the World's Classic editors have been severely eclectic and that a century could furnish fifty short story writers of the highest rank, and still that is not one apiece for the periodicals that nowadays are looking for them.

It is interesting to compare the stories in these two Oxford Press volumes with those of the twenty-two authors represented in "Georgian Stories, 1922" (7s. 6d.; Chapman & Hall). In the main, the latter are the subtler, the more sophisticated in subject and style, the more elaborately psychological, cleaner cut, and finished with a more conscious artistry. They make the sentiment of Bret Harte, the mysticism of Hawthorne, the psychology of Dickens seem rather simple and elementary. You feel that some of their stories are cleverer without being greater than those of

the older masters. If the newer stories are handled more expertly, with a surer knowledge of technique, I believe you will be sensible of less virility, idiosyncrasy, warmth in them; they have less spontaneity and more of premeditated artifice, more skilful mechanism and less of individuality. In precision of method, in point of workmanship, most of the "Georgian Stories" are superior to most of the earlier "Selected Short Stories," but they have not the gusto, the strongly marked differences of manner, the essential and distinctive personalities that enable you to identify the work of their predecessors even when it is unsigned. Bret Harte was influenced by Dickens, but you cannot read the examples of both in these Selected Stories without recognising that he was a long way from being merely a copy of his master. You would not, quite apart from their subject matter, mistake a story of Trollope's for one of Stevenson's. But, always with notable exceptions, you do not find the same diversity of personal expression in our later authors, any more than you find such qualities now in our politicians or in general life. Such levelling up or down to a good, respectable average of efficiency is our modern characteristic. Our sharp contrasts of feature are being smoothed to a uniform presentability: we are all growing too much alike. We do very cleverly and with increasing talent things that our forbears seem to have done in a more independent spirit and by natural genius; we make by standard machinery what they, each in his own way, made by hand. Not to go outside fiction, you might fancy that most of our novelists and short story writers had learned their craft in the same school and did literature as they do sums by an arbitrary formula, on a scientific and impersonal principle.

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey.

From "The Adventure of Living," by J. St. Loe Strachey, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

Last month I quoted Dr. Crane for an assertion that there are no characters in modern life; if he had said there was not much character in modern books I would not have denied that. It is so, not only in short stories, but in novels, essays and poems. They may be interesting, clever, brilliant, but the majority lack personality. And since this is true in the case of quite popular authors, it is not strange that it should be also true in the case of two little books which I happen to have read this month — the *Chapbook* for August (1s.; Poetry Bookshop) and "West Ham Poems" (6d.; West Ham Educational Advisory Council). The *Chapbook* contains twenty-four poems by eight contemporary poets, and except for Ianthe Jerrold's quaintly charming "Midsummer Night," they might all have been written by any one of the other seven. They vary in merit; one or two are slight and somewhat crude; the general level of workmanship is good; one or two are alive and promising; but they lack spontaneity, there is a settled sameness of tone and manner in them as if, with a sort of composite mind, the seven poets had all written like one.

You are aware of this kind of sameness in the "West Ham Poems," but with an important difference. West Ham has lately had a remarkable Civic Education Festival (of which Mr. R. L. Mégroz wrote an interesting account in a recent *Review of Reviews*). During an "Education Week" art exhibitions were held there, and musical, dramatic and athletic performances were given by the schools of the borough. Seventy local poets competed for the honour of contributing to a handbook which was illustrated by local artists; and eighteen of these poems are reissued in this booklet, with a foreword by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who acted as judge. That there should be a sameness of style, outlook and atmosphere in these poems is not so strange, seeing that they were written by men who all live in the same environment, are all influenced by the same drab, poverty-haunted surroundings. The wonderful thing is that the

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verses not only seem spontaneous, not only have an intense poignancy of thought and emotion in them, but, as Sir Arthur testifies, they have "no small amount of real poetry." Some of the lines, such as

"See where the craftsman's last touch lingers
To draw the wonder from the wood,"

hold, he adds, "just that quality which, wherever found, is priceless and means the real thing." There are flaws of expression, but the feeling is always sincere, natural, true, and I have read few collections of recent verse that have contained anything fresher in idea or more instinct with poetry than such things in this book as "The Heavenly Host":

"If into Heaven I may win,
I know who will let me in"—

"The City," "West Ham, 1922," and "Fugitive Vision." West Ham may justly take pride in the unnamed poets who have found inspiration for these eighteen poems amid the factories and mean streets of her unpromising suburb.

Mr. Lewis Chase, of Peking University, China, writes: "Some of your readers may be interested in the following note on Austin Dobson's method, taken from a letter from him to myself dated July 28th, 1917:

"As a general proposition I hold to the motto in the 'Collected Poems' quoted from Montaigne: 'I keep count of an event . . . by my fancies.' What I have written has been mainly the effort of imagination to escape from the daily round. I have looked, perhaps, more into books than life. My verses are dramatic in character, rarely autobiographical. As to details, I go to fact; but I prefer to invent my fable."

"In the same letter," adds Mr. Chase, "he mentions his great appreciation of the Dobson Number (May, 1913) of THE BOOKMAN, and one notice therein which he thought especially good."

Mr. Harold MacGrath,

whose new novel, "The Ragged Edge," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Sir William Hardman, who is chiefly remembered now as the friend of Meredith, was an interesting personality with distinctive gifts of his own. He held a prominent place in the literary, political and social worlds of his time, and though none of his acquaintance seems to have known of it, he was for many years writing to a friend in Australia a long succession of letters in which he kept an intimate day-to-day record of the events and gossip of the time. Fortunately he retained copies of these, and Mr. S. M. Ellis has edited and annotated a selection of them in "A Mid-Victorian Pepys: The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman," which is to be published shortly by Mr. Cecil Palmer. Sir William continued the correspondence until his death in 1890, but the letters are so copious and abounding in interest that this volume only covers the period from 1859 to 1863.

Photo by Hills & Saunders, Cambridge.

Mr. S. C. Roberts.

Cambridge has suffered recently the loss of several familiar literary figures—Sir John Sandys and Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, for instance; but few men will be more painfully missed by a large circle of friends than the late Alfred Rayney Waller, who died quite unexpectedly in July at the early age of fifty-four—died, as those who knew him will say, with characteristic lack of ostentation and public notice. He had been for many years secretary to the Syndics of the University Press, which, translated into ordinary language, means that he was the literary manager or head of the editorial department. A more complete bookman never existed. He not only lived for books, he almost literally died for them. He never rested and he never took a holiday. His notion of a change was to come away from copy and proof-sheets at the Press and bury himself in copy and proof-sheets in his delightful home. What contributors to the Press owed to his unsleeping care only they can tell. Out of a large number of books produced under his editorship we need only mention two—Mr. Dent's great edition of Hazlitt and the Cambridge "History of English Literature." To fill the place of a man who knew all phases of the book world from Grub Street to Trumpington Street was a difficult task; but the Syndics have made the best possible choice in Mr. S. C. Roberts, who has been assistant secretary for the last eleven years. Mr. Roberts has had a distinguished literary career. He was a

Photo by Bertram Park.

Miss Christine Jope-Slade,

whose novel, "The Cuckoo's Nest" (Nisbet), is reviewed in this Number.

Scholar of Pembroke and took a First in the Classical Tripos (1909) and a First in the Historical Tripos (1910). During the war he served in the Suffolk Regiment and was knocked out at the third Battle of Ypres. During his convalescence he compiled his delightful little "Story of Dr. Johnson," and a year ago he produced a most admirable "History of the Cambridge University Press." To become at an early age the literary chief of a great institution that now numbers its four centuries is a high honour—it is like being made Master of a College. Bookmen of all sorts will join in wishing Mr. Roberts an illustrious career.

Mr. Daniel O'Connor has published a fourth edition of the Rev. Edward L. Cutts's "Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages"—a scholarly and fascinating survey of the religious, secular, home, business and general life of the thirteenth to the fifteenth century. The book has nearly two hundred illustrations.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Professor John Adams**

whose "Modern Developments in Educational Practice," published by the London University Press, is reviewed in this Number.

Most of the drawings illustrating the new Manaton Edition of the works of John Galsworthy, which Messrs. Heinemann are publishing, have been made by his nephew, Mr. R. H. Sauter, a young artist of great originality and promise, whose recent book of poems, "Songs in Captivity," also published by Messrs. Heinemann, was reviewed in the August BOOKMAN.

"The Man who Knew too Much," a new novel by G. K. Chesterton, will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Cassell.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing this autumn "Old For-Ever," a new novel by Alfred Ollivant.

"Beachcomber" (Mr. D. B. W. Lewis) has made a selection from his entertaining comments in the *Daily Express* on literature, drama, sport, politics and things in general, and the book will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Cecil Palmer, with the title of "A London Farrago." The same firm is publishing an exact facsimile of the original edition of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," with Leech's four coloured illustrations and four woodcuts, an Introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton and a Preface by Mr. B. W. Matz.

Two new books by Mr. W. B. Yeats which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing are "Later Poems," containing all the poems written by Mr. Yeats between the age of twenty-seven and 1921; and "Plays in Prose and Verse." The same firm is publishing a new drama in blank verse, "Krindlesyke," by Mr. Wilfrid Gibson.

THE BOOKMAN.

Since passing the somewhat severe and undoubtedly well-deserved strictures on Mr. Joseph Pennell's volume of Scammel Lectures on The Graphic Arts, in the June BOOKMAN, our reviewer, Mr. G. S. Layard, learns that the book was produced when Mr. Pennell was a thousand miles away. Whilst withdrawing no word of what he wrote, Mr. Layard feels bound to put it on record that Mr. Pennell himself must be acquitted of the outrageous treatment that was meted out to the designs of Rossetti and Holman Hunt, which in their mutilated state were, he says, "nothing less than insidious libels on two great artists, who are not here to protest for themselves."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Somebody was bound to parody "If Winter Comes"; its abounding popularity made that inevitable; and Mr. Barry Pain has done it very cleverly in "If Summer Don't" (1s. 6d.; Werner Laurie), and very amusingly.

There is in the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy's "Songs of Faith and Doubt" (2s.; Hodder & Stoughton) that same breadth of human sympathy and swift feeling for the poetry in simple people and everyday things that made his three little books of "Rough Rhymes" so extraordinarily popular. His new "Songs" touch on just those problems of life and conduct, those obstinate doubts and questionings of the spirit that no man can escape, but through all runs a note of hope and courage, and everywhere, to adopt the title of his last poem, he finds roses in December. "The Bolshevist's Speech" is the boldest and most startling thing in the book. There is power in its passionate outspokenness; it will give many to think and at least open their eyes to the other man's point of view. There is less use of colloquial language in this book than in the others, and more of a quiet charm and gracious beauty something in the mood of George Herbert.

We are a little uncertain as to the hero of "The Country Beyond (7s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton), whether it is Peter, introduced as a three-months-old Airedale

pup, or Jolly Roger M'Kay, genial outlaw of the very best type. The point is not important, for Mr. Curwood, alone among present-day novelists, has the gift of making animals live as a part of his plot, and imparting to them such definite character that without them the story would fall to pieces. Peter is told everything; he seems to understand everything. His acute dog-mind can almost reason; and who can say that his creator is exaggerating? But, in our preoccupation with Peter, we must not forget the lovely Nada, the girl of M'Kay's heart, the gallant Cassidy of the North-West Mounted Police, and the many great adventures in which this group, and several other exciting people, were intimately concerned. It will be seen, by the perceptive reader who has some acquaintance with Mr. Curwood's previous novels, that there is no falling off in the quality of his latest book.

Miss Mordaunt knows how to economise language to the best advantage and yet present her story in a sequence of dramatic pictures that leaves an impression of skilful character-drawing and vivid happenings. Her themes are as varied as they are original. The story that gives its title to "Short Shipments" (7s. 6d.; Hutchinson) describes the mystical character of a girl who "belonged by nature to the people of the springs . . . so refined, so crystal clear, yet in a way so detached that there was nothing for her husband's clumsy hands to grasp." Learning of his infidelity, she drowns herself in the pool where her beloved fountain plays, and afterwards the ghost of the fountain haunts the house, saturating it with moisture, casting shadows of leaping water on the walls, and keeping up a perpetual murmur, a sorrowful droning. From an idea of such eerie beauty, we are carried to the equally weird history of Hodge, a primitive man discovered in Somersetshire who becomes a menace to his discoverers. There is a distinct touch of Hardy about "A Study in Pastel"—an exquisite piece of work; and "Genius," the last of the fourteen tales, strikes a human note and brings tears to the eyes with its tender simplicity. All who can appreciate good writing will find great pleasure in this book.

"THIS FREEDOM." BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S WINDOW-DRESSING COMPETITION.

RESULTS:

We have received such a large number of photographs from booksellers all over the United Kingdom and Ireland that the task of adjudicating upon them has not been easy—especially as all the window-displays shown have notable artistic or boldly effective qualities to recommend them. But a good many competitors seem to have overlooked the condition that "the judges will take into consideration not only the attractiveness of the display, but also the method of demonstrating to the public that, like 'If Winter Comes,' this is a novel that every thinking man and woman ought to read," and where, in point of attractiveness, two photographs have been of equal merit but one has omitted to observe that second qualification, the omission has had to count against it.

The First Prize of Ten Guineas is awarded to Mr. G. C. Baker, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 19–21, Corporation Street, Birmingham.

The Second Prize of Five Guineas is awarded to Mr. George H. Sellick, 2, Bedford Street, Plymouth.

The Third Prize of Three Guineas is awarded to Miss Pearl Lane, Lane's Library, Herne Bay.

(We had intended reproducing the three winning photographs, but to do so we should have to reduce them so considerably that their effectiveness would be lost. We must content ourselves with saying that each fulfils the conditions and that Mr. Baker's display is exceptionally ingenious and artistic in design.)

The Ten Prizes of One Guinea each are awarded to:

(1) Mr. Hubert Siddle, Manager of Book Department, Messrs. Boots, 6, High Street, Sheffield.

(2) Mr. A. G. Andrews, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 31, Nicholas Street, Scarborough.

(3) Messrs. Satchell & Son, 5, Gallowtree Gate, Leicester.

(4) Mr. C. J. Parkes, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 479–481, Lord Street, Southport.

(5) Messrs. Woodcock & Prior, Westgate, Huddersfield.

(6) Mr. David Williams, 19 and 20, King Street, Carmarthen.

(7) Mr. James Golder, 21, King Street, Reading.

(8) Messrs. Mawson, Swan & Morgan, Royal Exchange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

(9) Messrs. Harrods, Knightsbridge.

(10) Mr. G. Parkes, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Main Bookstall, Victoria Station, Manchester.

Several of the other displays are so admirable and so striking in design that we have selected a further thirty for special commendation, and are sending consolation prizes to the following:

(1) Mr. W. F. Fitton, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Leicester; (2) Messrs. Coates & Bairstow, Huddersfield; (3) Mr. T. R. Wing, Managing Director, Messrs. Wing & Co., Boston, Lincs; (4) Messrs. Cornish Bros., Birmingham; (5) Mr. S. V. Galloway, Aberystwyth; (6) Miss Hilda Nash, c/o Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Harrogate; (7) Mr. R. Killmister, c/o Messrs. Boots, St. Helier, Jersey, C.I.; (8) Mr. Edmund Thomas Cockram, c/o Messrs. Boots, 182, Regent Street, W.1; (9) Mr. James Hempton, Londonderry, Ireland; (10) Messrs. Morgan & Higgs, Swansea; (11) Messrs. Dutton's Cash Stores, Skegness; (12) Mr. Alfred R. Way, Swansea; (13) Mr. H. J. Hodgkinson, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Cheltenham; (14) Mr. H. J. Taylor, Manager, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Eastbourne; (15) Mr. Wilfrid Coates, Sunderland; (16) Messrs. Eason & Son, Belfast; (17) Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes, Manchester; (18) Messrs.

Brown & Son, Saville Street, Hull; (19) Mr. F. Hanna, Dublin; (20) Messrs. W. & A. Smith, Droitwich; (21) Mr. Walter Ruck, Maidstone; (22) Smith's, St. Petersgate, Stockport; (23) The Misses Bastin, Paignton; (24) Mr. W. Patter, Liverpool; (25) Mr. Edmund Garland, Bridlington; (26) Mr. John W. Lodge, Messrs. Lightfoot & Co., Scarborough; (27) Messrs. Combridge & Co. Dublin; (28) Mr. Maurice Pring, Messrs. Boots, Bristol; (29) North of England Furnishing Co., Darlington; (30) Mr. David Williams, King Street, Carmarthen.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

C. J. C. STREET.

"TO the student of Irish affairs, the year 1921 offers a most fascinating field for investigation—the first six months of it witnessed the culmination of the guerrilla warfare proclaimed against the British forces by the Irish Republicans, the last six months saw a treaty negotiated between the contending parties."

With these words Major Street begins his new book, "Ireland in 1921."* So many words have been written and spoken about what is popularly called "the Irish question" that one finds oneself unconsciously regarding even one's "Harry Lorrequer" with suspicion. It is so difficult for humanity to be impartial that few of the speeches which have been made—however honestly uttered—have done more than present a strongly biased view, according to the convictions of the speaker.

It is therefore pleasant to find that Major Street has given us a singularly fair presentment of the situation (from the viewpoint of one in a position to know something more than the ordinary man of the inner history of the conflict), and has indeed produced a book worthy of the closest attention. He has been able to publish certain documents which have not previously been available to the general reader, and to write of many incidents and proceedings with the certainty born of personal knowledge. With a precise but never pedantic choice of words he traces the progress of events throughout what was probably the most momentous period in the history of Ireland—and it must not be forgotten that the history of Ireland nowadays means to an appreciable extent the history of the British Empire also. The mental aeroplane has destroyed international barriers as effectively as the material flying machine destroyed towns with its bombs.

Photo by Edgar Ward. **Major C. J. C. Street.**

To attempt to consider in detail a book of this importance within the limits of a brief review would be unfair to the author; its value depends largely on its internal evidence. But it is possible to deal with advantage with at least a few of his points. For instance the famous (or notorious?) Strickland Report. The city of Cork was the scene, on December 11th, 1920, of an ambush in which the Auxiliaries (popularly known as the "Black and Tans") suffered severely. On the following day fires broke out in various parts of the city, and a great deal of damage was done. "There can be very little doubt," says Major Street, "that the fires were started by one section of the Crown forces as a reprisal for the many incidents of attack upon them which were made in the streets of the city." He goes on to say: "There is ample evidence from eye-witnesses that both military and police were involved in the scenes of destruction which followed." General Strickland, who was in military command of the district, was ordered to investigate the matter, and it was generally assumed that the British Government would publish his report. They did not do so; the findings of the Court of Inquiry remained a secret. "Now, whatever these findings may have been," remarks the author, "it would have been wiser to have published them. . . . As a matter of fact, it is probable that the findings of a military court laid an unfair stress upon the responsibility of the Auxiliaries for the outbreak, and contained criticism of their actions which would greatly have heartened the rebels had it been published at the time."

One has heard a lot about the efficiency of the Sinn

* (Philip Allan).

Fein secret service; it is interesting to read Major Street's opinion of the Intelligence Service established by the Crown for special service in Ireland. "The amount of useful information secured by it was extraordinary," he says; "... had the authorities acted more frequently upon the information supplied to them by the Intelligence Service, many of the tragedies of the war period might have been averted." A lighter note is struck in his account of how the Intelligence people were ordered not to arrest Mr. de Valera, as the authorities considered it better to have him at large in case it should be necessary to negotiate with him, as the head of the rebel administration. "This order was loyally obeyed," says Major Street, "despite the difficulty of trying not to see him!" (The note of exclamation is mine.) Unfortunately a party of the Warwickshire Regiment unknowingly arrested the "President" in a house at Blackrock, but he was speedily released by order of the civilian authority.

Of particular interest are the author's references to Mr. A. W. Cope, the Assistant Under-Secretary to the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Cope, although a Civil Servant, possessed a vision which even red tape could not obscure. He believed throughout that negotiation was better than force, and acted on his belief. At no inconsiderable risk he succeeded in placing himself in personal relation with such members of the Republican organisation as seemed to hold even remotely reasonable views, and to him Major Street gives the credit for the Truce of July. "Whatever opinion may be held as to the details of the Truce of July, a Truce which it may safely be said would never have been reached but for his efforts, there can be no denial of the fact that Mr. Cope's success in establishing relations with the leaders of Sinn Fein, at a time when the Government which he represented was engaged in a policy of repression of that party, was a diplomatic feat of a very high order." In this opinion anyone who knows anything of Irish people on the one hand and of Governmental methods on the other will, I think, heartily concur.

One other extract I will give without comment. When the Prime Minister had invited de Valera to a conference, the latter cleverly replied in terms indicating his willingness to discuss *preliminaries* for such a conference—an important difference, and a reply in consonance with his devious policy. The Prime Minister ignored this atttiude and replied to de Valera as though his acceptance had been unconditional. In the author's words, "... the Government had embarked upon its perilous enterprise, and no considerations of strict honesty could be allowed to override those of expediency."

There I will leave the book; its careful perusal will repay those who realise how profoundly the "Irish question" has affected and must still affect the international policy and relations of the Empire.

Major C. J. C. Street, the son of Major-General J. A. Street, C.B., was educated at Wellington College and the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and was gazetted to the Royal Regiment of Artillery in 1903. His military service at that time was uneventful—from the official point of view. As a matter of fact there were one or two incidents—as for instance when two Gunner subalterns during manœuvres found a couple of traction engines with steam up by the roadside, their drivers having temporarily deserted them in search of refreshment. The subs. promptly mounted an iron steed each and set off on a race which culminated in two perfectly good military traction engines being found overturned in a ditch, and two chastened Gunner subs. receiving a terrible wigging. Then, in the Channel Islands—but I become indiscreet. In 1914 Street was re-gazetted and commanded a six-inch howitzer battery in France, getting rather badly knocked about in the process. In 1917 he was appointed to the Intelligence Department of the War Office and did a lot of useful and interesting work there. He received the Military Cross (for "action" in France), the Officership of the Order of the British Empire (Military), and mention in dispatches. His chief hobby is boat-sailing and all kinds of mechanical pursuits, but he took to writing because it was in him. During his first year he earned the enormous sum of ten-and-sixpence by his pen, but he "carried on" and has to-day several books and numerous short stories to his credit. His book, "With the Guns," published in 1916 under the pseudonym of "F. O. O.," was regarded justly as one of the best books of its kind produced during the war. "The Making of a Gunner" bore the same *nom de plume*, and "The Administration of Ireland" was published recently bearing the signature "I. O." All Street's writings give evidence of a respect for accuracy which is as refreshing as it is becoming unusual. He is an industrious person, likes English beer and English weather better than the beverages and climates of other countries, and considers Joseph Conrad the greatest novelist of the century.

I once asked Street (with whom I served) to divulge the secret of his invariable good humour, patience with the foibles of impossible people, and quiet endurance of physical and mental strain when other people (such as myself) were quarrelsome, stupid and generally damnable. He promptly denied the quality, but added that there was a lot of quiet humour to be derived from most situations, even unpleasant ones, and it was much easier to be amused at the humour than irritated at the unpleasantness of any situation. I wish I found it so! I remember once during the war Street developing a sudden hunger for marmalade, which was then very hard to get. We were in London at the time and one day, bolting a hasty lunch, we set out to try and procure some of the succulent preserve. After fruitlessly trying a number of shops we entered a great stores, where they kept everything from pins to parachutes. I think we must have got into the wholesale department by mistake, for when the burly Street had with much difficulty edged his way through the crowd up to the counter and politely asked for "a pound or two," the assistant tossed her head and replied haughtily, "We don't sell marmalade over the counter!" Not a whit abashed, Street smiled genially and replied, "Then would you mind pushing some underneath it?" We were escorted out of the shop by two polite but very plainly alarmed shopwalkers.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON
(Captain).

THE READER.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

By C. Lewis Hind.

LATE last Christmas Day, in a Kent farm-house, lonely but lovely, before a wood fire, holding the book up to catch the light from expiring candles, I finished "If Winter Comes" and without premeditation wrote on the fly-leaf, "All's well."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **A. S. M. Hutchinson.**

And when months later I finished "This Freedom" I underlined three words on the last page—the words, "One's suffered so."

Why I did this I hardly know, but I think it was because those two sentences seemed to express these two books and to relate them to the author. For I cannot dissociate art from life, or books from their creators, and as this article is an appreciation of a writer I admire very much, and as he throws himself headlong into his books, and with a courage that irritates some of his reviewers who want a model—their traditional model novel—not a man, I propose to relate my adventures with modest and retiring Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson and with "If Winter Comes" and "This Freedom," thereby perhaps helping to explain their "enormous vogue."

We are what we are. We may develop; we do not change. Years ago, when I was an editor and watchful for new talent, I was impressed by certain brief editorials in the *Daily Graphic*. They showed a passionate sincerity, a biting interest in and feeling for humanity, and a way of writing that was direct and at the same time sidelong. I took some trouble to discover the name of this writer, and found that he was the editor of the *Daily Graphic*, Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson. No doubt my memory of those editorials is coloured; but I find in "If Winter Comes" and in "This Freedom" the same qualities and the same passionate sincerity.

A. S. M. Hutchinson, in 1912, when he was editing the *Daily Graphic*.

I used that term "passionate sincerity" to Mr. Hutchinson when I first met him. He seemed pleased, indeed I may say he was very pleased. And I also said that the postscript to "If Winter Comes," the letter from Hi and Lo Jinks, was a stroke of genius (again he seemed pleased), that it rounded the book off deftly, and showed that he understood that tragedy and humour twist and turn through art as through life. He listened. He is an intent listener, and Mr. Sinclair Lewis, author of "Main Street," listened also, no doubt noting how complimentary and fraternal English authors and critics are. Sinclair Lewis was present because a clever lady, Mrs. Scott, had brought these two "best sellers" to a P.E.N. Club dinner, and I, still fond of drama without tears, had begged the author of "Main Street," whom I had met in America, to introduce me to the author of "If Winter Comes."

Our next contact was due to the late Lord Northcliffe. He returned from his world tour brimming with interest in the enormous sales of "If Winter Comes." He never lost his love for a "big thing." The Literary Page of *The Times* had just been inaugurated, and Lord Northcliffe suggested—and his word was law—that correspondence should be invited from readers offering explanations of the "enormous vogue" of "If Winter Comes." Who should set the ball rolling? Well—I was selected.

I wrote the little article with zest, for *The Times* is *The Times*, and a messenger from Printing House Square came for the copy, for Lord Northcliffe's hastening eye was upon us; but my article did not appear the next day, nor the next, nor the next. I sighed, but

kept smiling. Then came a letter from the editor of the Literary Page, very long, very courteous, asking if I would not tone down my appreciation a little, as it was so enthusiastic that he feared it would deter people from expressing their views on the book. At first I was inclined to act as if I were an Arnold Bennett and say, "Sir, I'm hanged if I'll alter a word," but being myself, that is more of a hind than a panther, I did tone it down and cut out the passage explaining why I had written "All's well" on the fly-leaf of "If Winter Comes." A more judicial person was selected to set the ball of correspondence rolling. My article appeared on the second day, and the world went on much the same.

Why did I inscribe "All's well" on the fly-leaf? Because I felt that if half a million people more or less read "If Winter Comes" and thought about it, and discussed it, the heart of the English-speaking world is all right. To explain myself, perhaps I may be allowed to quote a portion of my *Times* article:

"The world, the inarticulate world, which makes no speeches, preaches no sermons and beats no drums, is not fooled. It knows the right thing when it is shown honestly; it saw the spiritual man in John Drinkwater's 'Abraham Lincoln'; it sees him in this Mark Sabre, misjudged, maligned, who does things because they are right, not because they are politic.

"Can it be that the reading public is wiser than we have been taught to believe? Can it be that in a world of rhetoric and rodomontade, of parties, promises and policies, which plain folk despise because they know that policy is only a synonym for selfishness, the man in the street and his wife find in this book an escape into nobler issues? Can it be that the reading world discerns in the hero (poor word) of 'If Winter Comes,' this Mark Sabre, a real man, a Christian who, without preaching, without fuss, lives the Sermon on the Mount against all odds? I have asked a score of people why they like this book, and the answer always is, 'Mark Sabre.'

"The hungry sheep are fed—that is the reason. The book happens to be a work of art, and the characters, all of them, are alive; but that would not have been enough to ensure the phenomenal success of this story about a true Christian. Its values are spiritual. The hungry sheep are fed not by doctrine, not by policies, but by the sight of love prevailing because it is love."

Now for another contact with the author, which was illuminating to me. He spent an evening with us, and naturally (I intrigued him to do so) we talked about "If Winter Comes." My wife, after the manner of women, suggested that the rights of Mabel as a wife had been rather ignored in regard to the Effie episode, and explained her point of view with much eloquence. I listened eagerly and anxiously, but I was also watching the author, who showed signs not of antagonism but of great curiosity. When my wife had ceased he leaned forward with a sincerely complimentary smile and said, "That is very, very interesting. I never thought of that."

Here I jumped in. "But, my dear Hutchinson," I cried, "did you not consider various alternatives, other courses that Mabel and Mark might have taken?"

"No," he answered, with his slow, decisive smile, "I described what they did."

A pause. I asked no more questions, because I think that I understood in that instant the important distinction between Hutchinson and most other living novelists, and the reason why he is a "best seller." For the public is neither blind nor deaf; it knows the real thing and it is more interested in humanity than artistry.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

A. S. M. Hutchinson, in 1918.

To most living novelists the writing of novels is a career, a business. They shape their characters; they make plans, after reflection, of the way their puppets should act. Hutchinson's men and women shape their own destiny. They become so real to him that all he has to do is to tell what they did. This, I think, is what the public finds so enthralling in his books—his passionate sincerity; and this is why I underscored those three words on the last page of "This Freedom"—"One's suffered so." I believe he did suffer from the terrible catastrophes that followed from Rosalie's self-centredness and pride in efficiency. He is violently in earnest when he reiterates, "Strike on." The blow falls on him as well as on Rosalie, for she was good, and we must remember that goodness causes suffering like evil, if it be not allied to wisdom. Perhaps some day Mr. Hutchinson may school himself to stand more aloof from his creations. His books may then gain in artistry, but they will lose in humanity. Personally I want him to be just as he is, and growing as he will.

Many of the reviews of "This Freedom" irritated me. They seemed so lacking in understanding, so ill-content to let Mr. Hutchinson be himself. Arthur Waugh's article in the *Daily Telegraph* was a shining exception. I do not want Mr. Hutchinson to change either his method or his style. It exactly suits the piercing rock-drill vigour of his mind and his way of handling his stories. Any Professor of Fiction, at a School of Literature, would have told him that the

public would never stand the five pages of the "garrulous Hapgood" which opens "If Winter Comes," or the fate of Rosalie's children at the end of "This Freedom." And I can see him saying to his Professor, accompanied by his slow, decisive smile, "But that is what did happen."

Some women, I notice, object to his treatment of Rosalie. I find her quite consistent. As she was in the beginning, with her keen observation of "man-worship," and resentment of it, so she was in the end. To say that the final agony is piled up is to say nothing. This is fiction, not life. Happily life is infinitely more generous to us than fiction. The Rosalies of life would find a score of ways of evading their fate, for life is inconsistent. But good fiction must be consistent, and I maintain that Mr. Hutchinson has made Rosalie and her fate credible. Call it abnormal if you will, but abnormalities have a way of being frightfully evident, as for example the mothers who lost all their sons in the war, or the girl who was killed, when praying, by the stone Virgin crashing down upon her.

So here we have two people, a man and a woman, Mark Sabre and Rosalie Occleve, making their fight against circumstances and their own actions. Each is beautifully and pitifully human. I believe that they, and what they stand for, will last because it is done with heart and art. These are books with characters, major and minor, bitingly drawn. Mabel is a creation.

A man who is not usually a reader of fiction was found to be absorbed in "If Winter Comes," and to be re-reading it.

When asked the cause of this obsession, he first looked furtively around the room to assure himself that nobody was within earshot; then he said, solemnly, "I married a Mabel."

Perhaps (Hutchinson may be astonished at this) Mabel is his best creation. He loves Mark Sabre and Rosalie: he does not love Mabel. So he looks at her as one aloof, draws her frankly and severely, not being personally involved in her fate.

SONG OF THE LARKS AT DAWN.

By Herbert Trench.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Herbert Trench.**

SHEPHERDS who pastures seek
At dawn may see
From Falterona's peak*
Above Camaldoli
Gleam, beyond forests and wildernesses bleak,
Both shores of Italy.
Fallen apart are the terrible clouds of the morning
And men lift up their eyes.

Heaven's troubled continents
Are rifted, torn;
Thunders, in their forest tents,
Still seethe and sullenly mourn,
When aloft, from the gulfs and the sheer ascents,
Is a music born.
Hark to that music, laggard mists of the morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!

For scarce can eye see light
When the ear's aware
That virginals exquisite
Are raining from the air—
With sun and pale moon mingling their delight—
Adorations everywhere.
Now listen and yield the vanquished stars of the morning
And men lift up their eyes.

Eddy of fiery dust,
Halo of rays,
Thrilling up, up, as they must
Die of the life they praise—
The larks, the larks! that to the earth entrust
Only their sleeping-place,
From rugged wolds and rock-bound valleys of morning
The larks like mist arise.

Earth sends them up from hills,
Her wishes small,
Her cloud of griefs, her wills
To burst from her own thrall
And to burn away what chains the soul or chills
In the God and fount of all.
Open your gates, O ye cities faint for morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!

Open, Night's blue Pantheon,
Thy dark roof-ring
For that escaping pæan
Of tremblers on the wing
At the unknown threshold of the empyrean
In myriads soft to sing—
Give way before them, temple-veils of the morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!

They ascend, ere the red beam
On heaven grows strong,
Into that amazing stream
Of Dawn, and float along
In the future, for the future is their dream
Who roof the world with song.
Open your flowers, O ye mountains spread for morning,
And men, lift up your eyes!

* Note to verse 1: *Falterona is the highest peak of the Apennines. Camaldoli is a monastery of silent monks at its foot.*

XUM

They hang above the wave
  And are the voice
Of that light for which we crave,
  They flee from poise to poise,
They have forgotten the forgetful grave,
  In garlands they rejoice—
They dance upon the golden surge of morning
  That breaks our brooding skies.

Hark, it grows less and less
  But nothing mars
That rapture beyond guess
  Beyond our senses' bars,
They drink the virgin Light, the measureless,
  And in it fade like stars.
They have gone past, the dew-like spirits of morning,
  Beyond the uplifted eyes.

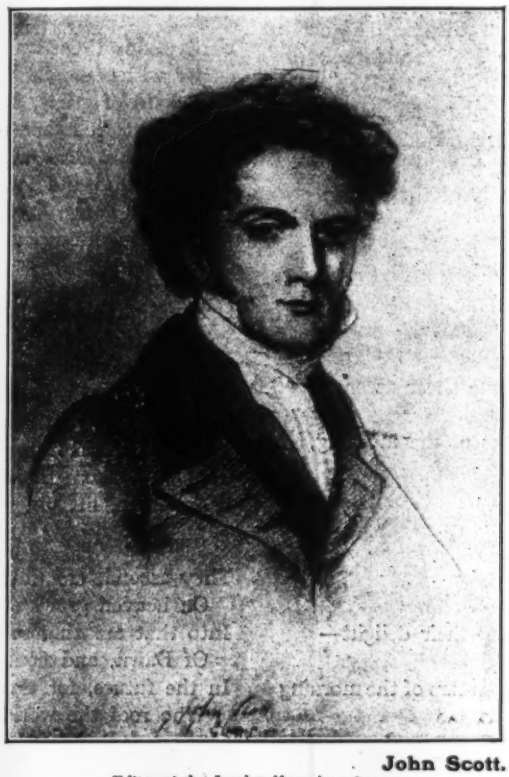
Between two lamps suspended,
  Of Life and Death,
Sun-marshall'd and moon-tended
  Man's swift soul journeyeth
To be borne out of the life it hath transcended
  Still, still on a breath,
To-day we too are the wingéd sons of the morning,
  To-day we will arise.

THE OLD "LONDON MAGAZINE" AND SOME OF ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

BY MAJOR S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE first *London Magazine* appeared in 1732 and continued until 1775. Then in 1820 two journals bearing the same name ran concurrently. To distinguish them one was called Baldwin's *London Magazine* and the other Gold's *London Magazine*, after the respective publishers of each. The latter monthly lasted only about a year or so; the former under successive proprietors until 1829. No reputations were made by Gold's magazine, but the case is otherwise with its rival, for to the *London Magazine*, under which "naked nomination" it is now simply known, such famous writers as Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, De Quincey, Carlyle, and others of lesser note were contributors. Its first and best editor was a Scotsman—John Scott—whose regrettable and untimely death (the result of a duel with Christie, following the quarrel with Lockhart of *Blackwood's Magazine*) took place after just over a year since Scott became conductor of the Magazine.

Scott was born in Aberdeen in 1783 and was educated first at the grammar school of that town, where for a short time he had Byron for a fellow schoolmate, though the latter was about five years his junior. On leaving the grammar school he matriculated at the University (Marischal College) in 1796, but did not graduate. At his entrance he won the seventh competition bursary. The librarian of the University kindly informs me that there is no record of Scott's having obtained any University prizes. He left the college in 1799 and went to London, where he obtained an appointment as clerk in the War Office. On giving up this employment he turned to journalism, and in 1813 or 1814 became editor of the *Champion*. In the latter year and again in 1815 he visited Paris, and embodied his observations in two very interesting works which Thackeray rightly described as "famous good reading." They were "A Visit to Paris in 1814," published in 1815, and "Paris Revisited in 1815 By Way of Brussels," published in 1816. The editorship of the *Champion* appears to have been given up somewhere about 1816, and thenceforward Scott spent much time on the Continent—in France, Switzerland and Italy up to 1819. While in Venice in the latter year he received a letter from Sir James Mackintosh, then Professor of Law in the East India College at Haileybury, offering him a post in the Company—"the Directors are in want of a Man of Talents to write their Dispatches"—intimating that it should be worth £2,000 a year, was "respectable employment," and would be "a provision for life," though "far beneath your merits and my wishes for you."



John Scott.
Editor of the *London Magazine*, 1820–1.

To this Scott replied from Venice (February 10th, 1819), regretting that Sir James's letter had been delayed "eight days longer on the road than usual," and after expressing gratification at his correspondent's remembrance of him, went on:

"My present situation I can have no difficulty in stating to you. A proposal has, within these few weeks, been made to me by a London Bookseller, to undertake the management of a publication which would require my presence in England before the close of the present year. We do not, however, as yet accord exactly as to terms—nor am I very well disposed to recommence the avocations of an Editor. Before receiving this proposition, I had settled to rest in the neighbourhood of Paris (Fontainbleau) for some years, employing myself on a work of a

mixed nature on the public events of Europe that have occurred since the French Revolution. My aversion to plunge myself again in the turbulence, presumption, heats and regrets, that form the atmosphere of an Editor's work-room is strong; and I have only been induced to contemplate renewing such an employment, for which I am now very unfit, by a circumstance of a peculiar nature. Mrs. Scott, during her present residence in London, has become necessary to the happiness—I believe I might say to the life—of a brother—a fine young man who has been suddenly struck with what appears to be incureable blindness. Her representations, and my own feeling of what humanity requires, have induced me to lend an ear to an offer, which, altho' not presenting a prospect very desirable in itself, would at least prevent the necessity of making a separation in the case alluded to, by affording me an opportunity of returning to England.

Charles Lamb,

From the water colour by G. F. Josephs, in the British Museum.

"The situation which you describe in your Letter, would put this in my power in a manner much more agreeable to me. It is my earnest desire to withdraw from the anxieties of Literary gladiatorship. I have lost the spirits necessary to maintain such combats. I know myself to be, and my friends know me to be, capable of strict and steady application; and I had much rather now that it should be exercised in the line of patient industry than in that of Literary adventure. My opinions are not unqualified enough to serve any one party, or perhaps to effect any one practical purpose. As I am conscious of this, I would be happy to submit myself to the certain routine prescribed by the duties of a reputable Office, for the sake of escaping from the pains and misgivings that attend giving birth to speculations that are after all little better than abortions."

The letter is a very long one, and interesting for the light it throws on Scott's circumstances and modest ambition at that time. He gladly accepts Sir James's offer and "with regard to salary, any sum would be satisfactory the acceptance of which might not be thought to you derogatory to my present respectability," and he adds:

"I shall have something to offer to the public on Italy in the course of the Autumn. The subject is interesting, but the execution is difficult, and also painful. This is a Country where an Englishman has reason to blush at every step he takes,—and where a political system, chiefly made-up of tyranny and impudence, appears praiseworthy as contrasted with the perfidy and imbecility that have squatted themselves in its place as the restorers of right and the avengers of wrong. Looks of reproach everywhere break out upon us here amidst the ruin that encumbers this fine land; and we are obliged to listen to the Italians repeating what lofty ideas they had formed of the value and efficacy of English influence, surrounded by the most distressing proofs that their confidence was misplaced. Those who would acquire ideas favourable to B[te] [Bonaparte] must leave France and enter Italy. I don't know whether it will console you for this account, to be told that I saw Lord Byron last night at one of the common masked-balls of Venice, the price of admission to which is *twenty Sous*—alone and unnoticed—grown very fat—and going through the rooms performing practical pleasantries with the Ladies who were there in the discharge of their professional duty."

William Hazlitt.

From the miniature by his brother John.
By kind permission of his grandson, W. C. Hazlitt.

It is very evident from Scott's letter that he was most anxious to obtain the appointment proposed by Mackintosh, but had he been successful there would have been no editorship of the *London Magazine* for him, and consequently no night-meeting at Chalk Farm with its fatal ending. So much delay however had occurred in the transit of Mackintosh's letter that the next news Scott received was to inform him that the post had been filled. Poor John Scott! Everything at first seemed to befriend him. In this connection Byron wrote afterwards: "I recollect his joy at some appointment which he had obtained, or was to obtain, through Sir James Mackintosh, and which prevented the further extension (unless by a rapid run to Rome) of his travels in Italy." If Scott had been installed in the East India House he would have had for colleagues Thomas Love Peacock, James Mill, the father of John Stuart Mill, and, in another department Charles Lamb of the Accountants' Office, with whom he was slightly acquainted. His association with the last-named was afterwards to be of a different nature. It was as "Our Elia," "the pride of *our* Magazine," that Scott characterised him.

How long Scott remained in Rome or the date of his arrival in England has not been ascertained. Before leaving Rome his portrait was drawn by Seymour Kirkup, a reproduction of which is here given. It will be noticed that the date is "1820," in which year Scott was in England. Knowing that there was a drawing of him by Kirkup in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, I wrote to the Curator asking him kindly to compare it with the photo which I sent, and he informed me that the latter was very much like it, though differing in details of execution. He added, "the writing on our drawing is also similar, but the date is quite clearly 1819," and that he thought it not unlikely that the photograph was taken from a rather later "repetition" by Kirkup.

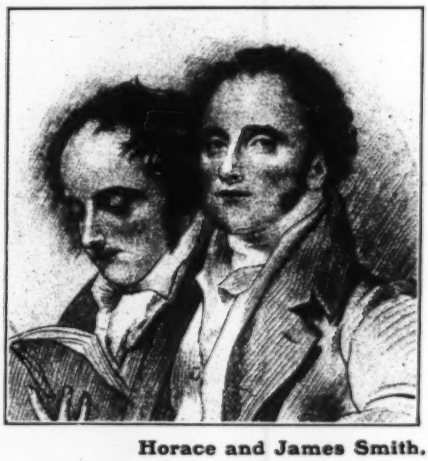
On his return to England Scott wrote to several of his

friends asking for contributions. Among these were Octavius Gilchrist, Horace Smith, P. G. Patmore, and Lady Mackintosh. Hazlitt, too, must have been approached, as the first Number contains the beginning of a series of articles on "The Drama." Whether Lamb was applied to at this time is not known; certainly his first "Elia" paper did not appear until the magazine had been in full swing for eight months. In the month following the appearance of "The South Sea House" he wrote to the editor on behalf of Talfourd, but no contribution of the latter was printed until February, 1821, although Scott was in communication with him early in the preceding December. It was very seldom that any of the articles were signed by the writers, so that it has been impossible hitherto to identify these anonymous contributions. In his old age Procter gave a list from memory, but it is not very helpful with regard to the lesser writers. Of course such essays as Hazlitt's "Table Talk," Lamb's "Elia," Cunningham's "Traditional Tales" and others are well known, as they have been published and acknowledged by their authors. Of his own work Procter modestly writes: "I myself was amongst the crowd of contributors; and was author of various pieces, some in verse and others in prose, now under the protection of that great Power which is called 'Oblivion.'" The recent dispersal of his and others' letters to the editor of the *London Magazine* has, however, provided an agreeable antidote against the opium of time and neutralised the iniquity of oblivion. Many of these letters are undated, and it is at times very difficult and sometimes impossible to be certain as to their dates. Occasionally there is the postmark which gives welcome aid, but where this is absent no little dubiety ensues. A letter from Lady Mackintosh, for instance, has only the heading, "22d Mardocks" (her place of residence). Fortunately in this case there is a postmark, No. 24, 1819, so that the difficulty vanishes. An extract runs thus:

"For myself I feel much flattered by your claiming my services in aid of your undertaking, and perhaps in one or two instances I might be able to procure some interesting notices on the subjects you mention from Mr. Rich and Mr. Salt ye Consul Genl. in Egypt."

Rich was in the Consular service and had married Lady Mackintosh's eldest daughter, and in 1819 was living in Bagdad. No contributions can be traced to these men.

The next letter (from Horace Smith) merely dated "Sunday," must have been written in 1819, not very long before the first Number of the magazine appeared in January, 1820.



Horace and James Smith.

"I shall have much pleasure," he writes, "in assisting your Magazine, not only by procuring subscribers, but by contributing some original nonsense for your opening number, altho' I will not promise anything calculated to benefit it beyond an increase of its bulk."

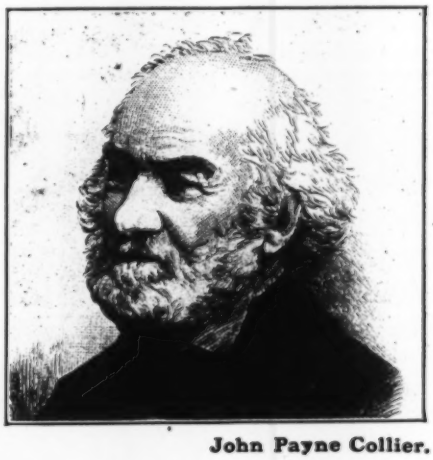
Horace Smith's contribution was forwarded with the following letter on December 14th:

"I believe I told you that I had buried my comic Pegasus with a cap and bells upon Mount Parnassus. Last Sunday I attempted to bestride another of the same breed, but I fancy he smelt the carcass of his predecessor, for tho' I goaded his rump and twisted his tail in the most butcher-like stile, the devil a step would he budge, so I mounted a woe-begone Hackney and the enclosed Jeremiade is the result of my ride. If too doleful and decidedly politic for your Magazine please present it to the Bellman of Mortlake [Scott's suburban retreat] with my compliments for Christmas use, or appropriate it *ad ficum et piperem*. Comicality is no joke now, or it is like the forced merriment of the Malefactor who seeing a friend go by put his head out of the prison window and explained in a sepulchral voice, 'I say, Jack, I'm to be scragg'd to-morrow. Fol de rol, de riddle lol, de rido.' For my part I believe we shall all be scragg'd before we have seen many to-morrows."

The "Jeremiad" was a set of verses, "A Farewell to England," which appeared in the first Number of the magazine, signed with the initial "H." That it was the poem referred to is proved by the following extract from H. Smith's letter of March 5th, 1820: "Did I not tell you in my Reform verses that 'wrong begets wrong,'" and the recurrence of the citation in one of the jigging stanzas:

"Whole cities are wild with distress,
While demagogues, urging the storm,
Goad the starving and desperate crowd to excess,
In the rage of unbounded Reform:—
And as wrong begets wrong, new excesses invite
New armies, new inroads on freedom and right."

No further contributions of Horace Smith can be traced until January, 1821, when there appeared "Miller Redivivus, No. 1." This was followed in succeeding months, except May, up to and including June, by "Memnon's Head" and "Miller Redivivus, No. 2"; "The Statue of Theseus"; "Death—Posthumous Memorials—Children"; "Miller Redivivus, No. 3," and probably "The Contrast," as it is signed with the usual signature "H."; "The Autobiography of John Huggins"; "The Shriek of Prometheus"; "Miller Redivivus, No. 4." Nearly all the foregoing were afterwards collected by Smith in his *Gaieties and Gravities*. There are references to two of the contributions, viz., "Miller Redivivus" and the prose article, "Death



John Payne Collier.

—Posthumous Memorials—Children " in the letters to Scott.

Of the poem, " Miller Redivivus," Parts 2, 3 and 4 (Nehemiah Muggs) appear to have been written early in 1818, for in Keats's letter to his brothers (February 16th of that year) there occurs the following passage: " Horace Smith has lent me his manuscript called ' Nehemiah Muggs, an exposure of the Methodists'—perhaps I may send you a few extracts." In a note to this letter by the late Buxton Forman (*The Complete Works of John Keats*) there is the following comment:

" While Keats was busy copying ' Endymion ' for the printers, he took the relaxation of reading a manuscript satire by Horace Smith, lent by the author, but never, as far as I can learn, published. His daughter, still living [1901] can tell me nothing about ' Nehemiah Muggs.' Dr. Garnett, alluding to this passage in his article on Horace Smith in the ' Dictionary of National Biography,' says that the satire ' does not appear to have been published.' So far I have been unable to ascertain that it has."

John Clare,
From the painting by J. Hilton, R.A.

From what has been said above it can now be stated positively that it was twice published, first in the *London Magazine*, and afterwards in *Gaieties and Gravities*.

In one of Smith's letters and in one of Patmore's there are interesting comments on two of the *Elia* essays—" Christ's Hosp." (November, 1820) and " New Year's Eve " (January, 1821), which prove that almost from their first appearance their authorship was no mystery to some at least of the contributors to the magazine, although it was unknown to its readers.

Perhaps in some respects the most interesting letter of the series on which this article is based is one from Bernard Barton, in which he acknowledges himself as the author of " VERSES TO LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME and BROWN, *On their publication of Wordsworth's Excursion* IN OCTAVO," which the late Bertram Dobell confidently ascribed to LAMB! To understand and appreciate one of Barton's comments on the poem, it is necessary to quote one of the stanzas and to explain that the price of the quarto edition of Wordsworth's poem was two guineas; that of the smaller one twelve shillings:

" Yet bulk I should not heed one pin.
In books that are worth looking in—
There is a much worse evil:
Twelve shillings, for a book like this,
E'en for poor bards, is not amiss—
Two guineas is—the d——l!"

This is the letter: " *Woodbridge*, 1/1, 1821.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" I know we cordially agree in wishing to promote the Circulation of Wordsworth's Excursion. If the foregoing *jeu d'esprit* appears likely to be of any use in making additionally known to the Readers of the London Magazine that such a treasure is now generally accessible; I am persuaded that thou wilt have pleasure in giving insertion to it.

Bernard Barton.

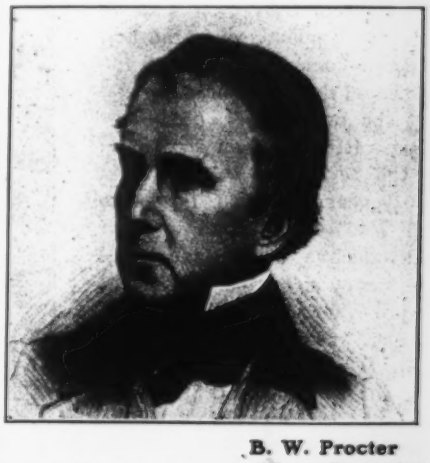
" In consequence of some part of it not being exactly in the ' dialect of the tribe ' I do not chuse to avow it: but if I had consider'd there was anything seriously reprehensible in such liberties of style in a trifle like this, I should not even anonymously have allowed myself to use them—Should it appear objectionable, however, to thee, let me know by one line pretty directly, as some notice or other of the 8vo edition I have pledg'd myself to get into thy next No. if I possibly could.

" Thine truly,
" B. B."

B. W. Procter (" Barry Cornwall ") was a fairly frequent contributor both in verse and prose under various signatures—" B. C.," " L.," " W.," (?) " B.," and (?) " ******." For the following there is manuscript authority:

Verse.—" Hereafter," B. C. (February, 1820), " The Last Song," L. (March), " Melancholy," W. (April), " On the Panorama of Venice," L. (June). *Prose.*—" On May Day " (May, 1820), " On Fighting, By a Gentleman of the Fancy " (May and June), " Letters of Foote, etc." (December and February, 1821).

In the May Number of 1821 there is an article entitled " A May Dream," signed " Theta," which was probably also Procter's work, as the writer refers to the previous May Day paper in terms which seem to imply a common authorship: " Since we saw thee last, and did thee ' honour due,' " he writes. Other contributions might be conjecturally assigned to Procter, but my object has been for the most part to deal only with those which rest on definite authority.



B. W. Procter
" Barry Cornwall ").

Octavius Gilchrist, of Stamford, a friend of

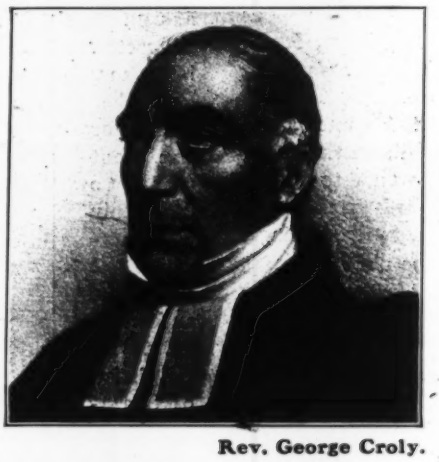
Scott of long standing, was the author in the first Number of "Some Account of John Clare," signed with his full name, and two anonymous articles, a review of Spencer's Anecdotes under the heading of "Critical Notices of New Books," in the February Number, and "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir John Suckling" in that for April. Another friend, P. G. Patmore, who was afterwards to be Scott's second in the duel, wrote an article, "On Riding on Horse," bearing the signature "Mazeppa," which appeared in January and March, 1821. John Payne Collier contributed three papers "On the Character and Writings of Shirley," which were printed in May, July and October of the year 1820.

T. Noon Talfourd.

Articles by T. N. Talfourd appeared in February and March, 1821, on the subject of "Pulpit Oratory"; in April he contributed a review of "Lloyd's Poems," and in May another on Hazlitt's "Table-Talk."

In May, 1821, there was "Emily, a Dramatic Sketch," and another with the same sub-title entitled "Count Julius" in the following month. Either one of these or both were the composition of Miss Mary Mitford. I am not certain on this point, for Talfourd, when claiming payment for his own articles and hers, refers only to Miss Mitford's Dramatic "Sketch"; but it is quite possible the latter was a slip for "Sketches," though one would think a man-of-law would not make a mistake of that kind, especially when writing on behalf of another person.

In 1917 there was published (nearly sixty years after the author's death) *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, by Charles MacFarlane, in the Appendix to which there is given a list of his published works, which included "Numerous Contributions, written during my residence in Italy, to the Old *London Magazine*, Reviews, etc., etc., chiefly on Italian Literature and other Italian subjects *between* 1821 and 1827." He was writing from memory and had apparently forgotten one article in November, 1820, which he sent to Scott from Fontainebleau on September 29th. He was then *en route* to Italy after a short stay in England, where he had been in communication with the editor of the magazine. The title of the article is "The Fishermen's Rebellion," an account of "the revolution of Naples in 1647, generally called 'Il tumulto di Mas'Aniello.'" The short introductory letter to the article is merely signed "M." In the April Number, 1821, there is a paper, "Sketches on the Road," No. II of which was announced in the *Lion's Head* (June) for insertion in the following Number. This, being a description of a journey through Switzerland into Italy, was, I feel pretty certain, also written by MacFarlane. In his letter to Scott the latter wrote: "We hope to be able to send you one or two interesting notes from Geneva or Milan."



Rev. George Croly.

Leigh Hunt's Poetry was reviewed by "A Correspondent" in July, 1820. It was signed "A." and probably written by Leigh Hunt's friend, Edwin Atherstone, the author of *The Last Days of Herculaneum* and other poems.

In April, 1821, there is a beautiful anonymous poem, "Albion," by Joseph Ritchie, Surgeon and African explorer, who left England in 1818 to undertake the exploration of the Nigritian Soudan by way of Tripoli and Fezzan, and died at Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, on March 22nd, 1819. He, it will be remembered, was one of the guests at Haydon's "immortal dinner" in December, 1817, when Lamb so unmistakably displayed his imperfect sympathy with that poor fool, the Comptroller of Stamps.

The clue to the authorship seemed to me to be contained in the last line of the following extract from the penultimate stanza of "Albion":

"And what if far from thee my star must set,
Hast thou not hearts that shall with sadness hear
The tale, and some fair cheek that shall be wet,
And some bright eye in which the swelling tear
Will start for him who sleeps in Afric's desert drear?"

Subsequent inquiries confirmed my conjecture, for the poem under the title "A Farewell to England" was reprinted from the *London Magazine* in Alaric A. Watts's *Poetical Album* for 1829, where it is ascribed to "Joseph Ritchie, Esq." The identification of the author was a stroke of luck, but a better instance of such was in connection with an article, "Major Schill: From a Manuscript Journal," in the Number for May, 1821, signed with the Greek initials "Θ Ψ." The article opens thus: "In the year 1813 I made a tour of a considerable portion of the north of Germany." Remembering that Crabb Robinson spent some time in that country as correspondent for *The Times*, I turned up his Diary and found under the date April 5th, 1813, the following entry: "With Walter, who introduced me to Croly, his dramatic critic, who is about to go to Hamburg to discharge the duty I performed six years ago." Then on reading the article I came across a note by the editor commenting on the author's bitterness against Bonaparte in these words:

"We would not make any change willingly in any communication from so valued a correspondent as the author

before us. But he is a classical man [Croly was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin], and we would simply ask him whether—'*Parcere victis*, debellare superbis' is not a precept as heroic as it is classical."

In the same Number of the magazine there is a review of Croly's poem, *Paris in 1815. Part the Second*, in which the critic remonstrates with the poet for his "incessant and rancorous abuse of Bonaparte." Taking all the above-named facts into consideration, the probability of Croly's being the author of "Major Schill" seemed strong, more especially as he is known to have been a contributor to various periodicals. The nail might have been hit on the head, but it had not as yet been driven home. Then some considerable time afterwards, on strolling quite aimlessly into a second-hand bookseller's shop, almost the first book that met my eye was a complete edition of Croly's poems, and among them I found one "On the Grave of Major Schill." The writer of the article in the *London* certainly visited the grave, and Croly in this poem seems to imply that he himself did, though he represents himself under the name of "Stranger" in the colloquy between the latter and a "soldier."

Of Scott's contributions, which were numerous, Procter writes: "Mr. John Scott was the writer of the several articles entitled, 'The Living Authors'; of a good many of the earlier criticisms; of some of the papers on politics; and of some which may be termed 'controversial' [notably those dealing with *Blackwood's Magazine*]. . . . He contributed also the critical papers on the writings of Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt."

With regard to these critical papers, Scott certainly wrote the review of Shelley's "Cenci" and probably that of Keats's "Lamia," etc., but not of "Endymion"; and Hazlitt's "Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," not that on the "Table-Talk." This, as stated previously, was the work of Talfourd. Leigh Hunt's "Poems," I have suggested above, were reviewed by Atherstone.

"General Reflections suggested by Italy, seen in the years 1818, 1819," the opening article of Number I of the magazine, would seem to be the "subject" to which Scott refers in his letter to Mackintosh (vide the second extract from Scott's letter). Two papers in the opening Numbers of 1821, "The Travels and Opinions of Edgeworth Benson," which were intended to be continued throughout the year, are certainly Scott's if reliance can be placed on a statement in the Obituary notice in the *Annual Register*, 1821.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.*

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

IT may seem ungrateful to complain, but I feel that this very delightful volume ought to be more delightful than it is. Anatole France is as right (and light) as can be; but Mr. Gsell, the Boswell of the occasion, is very heavy-handed; and the translator seems to be enjoying a joke of his own which he fails to transmit to the reader. The novels of Anatole France are as clearly projections of himself as the letters and essays of "Elia" are projections of Lamb. If you did not know, you would certainly guess that M. Bergeret, the Abbe Jerome Coignard and M. Sylvestre Bonnard are simply other modes of the existence of Anatole France. Indeed Jacques Thibault might as well be called Jerome Coignard as Anatole France, and as a matter of fact his present Boswell almost invariably calls him M. Bergeret. Why then not let him tell his own story with the minimum of interference? When the pages represent pure reporting they are delicious; but when Boswell comes between us to expound the obvious and press the points upon us very hard, we seem to be hearing a German Professor of Comparative Philology lecturing on "Tristram Shandy" to a group of serious and spectacled students. As to Mr. Frederic Lees, I am puzzled to know what to say. The way of the translator is very hard indeed in almost every respect, and I should be loth to cast another stone upon his dolorous road. At first I wondered if the odd style were a deliberate attempt at keeping the Gallic touch:

"Already, some time

Anatole France.

From "Anatole France and his Circle" (John Lane).

* "Anatole France and His Circle." Being his Table Talk collected and recorded by Paul Gsell. Authorised translation by Frederic Lees. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

before the war, bitter vexations inclined Anatole France to solitude. The appalling cyclone drove him from Versailles where, in the nostalgic radiance of the past, he had sought repose."

Now that does not sound in the least like English; but it certainly sounds like being abroad somewhere, and in a book of foreign intimacies it might be defended as a kind of local colour. Presently, however, I began to doubt; and when on page ninety I encountered, "In the eyes of we Parnassians, a rhyme had to be rare and surprising"—well, I had a rare and surprising shock. Really, Mr. Lees, this is too much "for we"! "What will Scotland say to we Southrons about this?" once asked a famous journalistic authority on English literature; and *Punch* acidly replied, "*Us*, we hope." I do hope that Mr. Lees will say "us," too, when it is necessary. I am sure Anatole France would like it.

The volume, as the reader will have gathered, gives us a slight sketch of the modern Voltaire at home, together with some snatches of his conversation. It is very delicious, but (as we have said) we wish Anatole had written it all himself. Like Voltaire (but a sweeter, tenderer Voltaire) he is a sceptic. Listen therefore to his own defence of sceptics:

"Sceptic! Sceptic! Yes, indeed, they will again call me a sceptic. And in their opinion that is the worst of insults. But to me it is the highest praise. . . . All the masters of French thought have been sceptics—Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Renan. . . . Our great sceptics were sometimes the most affirmative and often the most courageous of men. It was only negations that they denied. They attacked everything which put the intelligence and the will in bondage. They struggled against ignorance which stupefies, against error which oppresses, against intolerance which tyrannises, against cruelty which tortures, against hatred which kills. . . . Face to face with the absurd sufferings men inflict on each other during the brief dream of their existence, they are filled with deep commiseration for their fellow-creatures."

We called Anatole France a modern Voltaire. Well, Voltaire the sceptic made his little jokes about Saul's asses and David's wives, but it was Voltaire who made all Europe ring with the infamies committed against Lally and La Barre, Sirven and Jean Calas, and execrated, in a memorable phrase, the political murder of Admiral Byng.

Elsewhere our present sceptic tells a delightful (but fictitious) "Professor Brown, of the University of Sydney," that great writers often write badly and even dully; but that they are great notwithstanding:

"Great writers do not possess meanness of soul. That, Mr. Brown, is the whole of their secret. They love their fellow-men profoundly. They are generous. They allow their hearts to expand. They have compassion for all forms of suffering. They strive to assuage them. They pity the poor actors who play the comic tragedy or the tragic comedy of Destiny. Pity, Monsieur le Professeur, is the very foundation-stone of genius."

But let us exhibit our Anatole in a more roguish humour. He admires Rodin—with a difference, however—and suggests that "he collaborates too much with catastrophe." His story of the accident by which the admired Victor Hugo statue came to be what it now is would be too long to quote. Let us therefore quote his account of Rodin's collaborations—and abstractions:

"I was told recently that a photographer went to Meudon to make some pictures of the Master's sculpture. Rodin being absent, he was received by a *praticien*. The photographer caught sight of a huge and barely-shaped block of marble, whence appeared only a finely sculptured knee. He went into ecstasies.

"'Admirable!' he exclaimed. 'Tell me, please, the name of this masterpiece?'

"'*Thought*,' replied the assistant.

"Delighted, the photographer pointed his camera, when the *praticien* said: 'But this is not Rodin's work, it is that of Despiau, his collaborator.'

"The photographer turned towards another massive block whence a nude back emerged. 'Splendid,' he exclaimed. 'What is this called?'

"'Still *Thought*. But that is not Rodin's either. It is by Desbois, his collaborator.'

"Disappointed, the photographer spied a third block with a foot emerging.

"'Marvellous!' he declared. 'And what may this represent?'

"'Once more *Thought*, as is fairly apparent, moreover. But this is not by Rodin. It is the work of Bourdelle, his collaborator.'"

The photographer fled. The reader should also flee—to the libraries and booksellers and demand this volume. It will make him smile and make him think, sometimes separately, but usually together.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the three most telling metaphors or similes selected from English literature.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Eleanor Hebblethwaite, of 19, The Ridgway, Wimbledon, S.W.19, for the following :

PAN TO THE LITTLE SISTER.

Come down to the meadow, the meadow where honey grows wild,
My song shall enfold thee. . . .
Come away, come away : be a god's little child ;
Leave the lies they have told thee.

Be about, hide away, give the slip to the mother,
The children who call ;
For I will be mother and sister and brother
And more, more than all !

Run, run through the shrubs at the end of the garden, and clamber
The always-shut gate.
Look abroad, look abroad for the eyes carved of amber
That glimmer and wait.

Fear not the cleft hoof, shaggy haunch, there's a smile in the beard
Flowing freely as water.
Pan's courted, Pan's worshipped, but Pan's never feared
By an own little daughter !

There's a tree asks a queen—there's a vine wants a hand to its tending,
There's a thousand blue flowers. . . .
And a mad merry bird still a-luting a song without ending
To a dancing—to ours !

And the moments shall run like the rabbits ; the days shall be greenly
And goldenly curled ;
With sun through the trees where's a throne waiting queenly
The Rose of the World.

We also select for printing :

CAN NO ONE UNDERSTAND ?

For me the earth was balanced in his hand
And with one finger he could raise the sky,
Hang it more vast and high ;
The dream of life and love, of day and night,
Came sifted through his light :
For me, for *me* ! Will no one understand ?

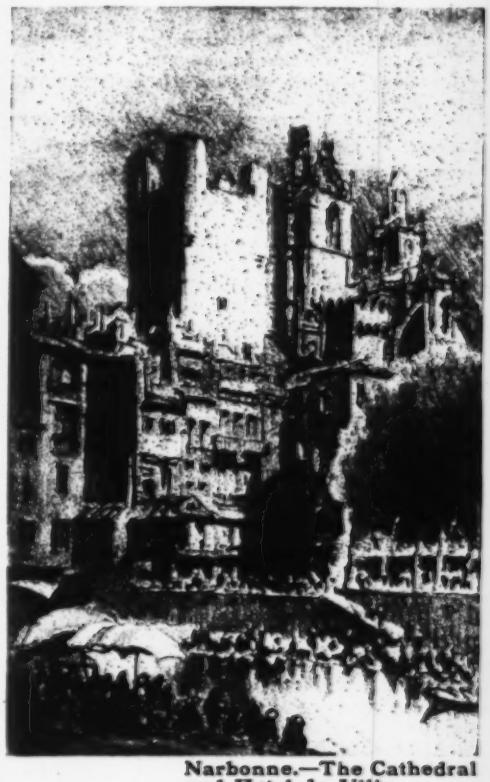
He held the world, then dropped it from his hand,
But still its little brooks, its singing birds,
Sound like his words ;
And still in every child there is a trace,
A shadow of his face :
For me, for *me* ! Can no one understand ?

(Julia Wickham Greenwood, The Haven, Gibraltar, Spain.)

ARAGLYN.

Along the winding road by Araglyn
The banks have slipped and crumbled. The stones have fallen,
Fallen, and lie on the road, and the sodden grass,
The dank, green grass that grows by Araglyn.
The rain falls slow and bitter, like hope despaired of,
And a plaintive wind comes heavily and sadly,
Telling of ruins under a ragged sunset,
A voice of defeat, visiting Araglyn.
And dusk and Autumn close round Araglyn,
The stones, and the sparse heath, and the sour grass,
The unfruitful grass that the rain churns to pulp,
The drum of the rain, and the long complaint of the wind
Sighing drearily over Araglyn.

(C. A. Macartney, Universitatsstrasse 5, Vienna.)



Narbonne.—The Cathedral and Hotel de Ville.
From "A Little Tour in France" (Heinemann).
Reviewed in Supplement

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by G. M. W. Mitchell (Brentford), Sybil Knight (Shalford), Mrs. Marion Peacock (Horsham), Charles G. Gibson (Launceston), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), G. Laurence Groom (London, N.W.), T. Howard (Bridport), Winifred Cooper (Leeds), Mary C. Mair (Porlock Weir), Edney Peters (Birkenhead), Ada F. Strike (Worthing), Kathleen M. Gush (Sydenham), Thos. H. Lewis (West Ealing), "Roslyn" (Auckland, N.Z.), Rev. W. L. Broadbent (London, N.W.), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Agnes Gilmore Guthrie (Milgiris, India), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Miss K. A. Baimbridge (Kidderminster), Melfin Jones (Cardiff), Margery C. Nudd (Yiewsley), Mary A. Jones (Warwick), J. Kilmeny Keith (West Kensington), Roland Sutton (Cirencester), S. E. Irene Bell (Darlington), Stanley Stokes (Exeter), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Constance Morgan (Hampstead), H. McL. Horman (Cape Province, South Africa), May Herschal Clarke (Woolwich), K. M. Prime (Earl's Court), Vivien Ford (Kensington), Constance Pendlebury (Chapel-en-le-Frith), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), May Rowland (Eastbourne), F. Jellicoe (London, S.W.), Kathleen Ida Noble (Walthamstow), Lorna Keeling Collard (Wincanton), Phyllis Erica Noble (London, E.), Doris M. Wibberley (Burton-on-Trent), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Freda Isobel Noble (London, E.), Una Malleson (London, W.), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), A. M. Sykes (Elmley Castle), James Paton (Natal, South Africa), C. Ethel Evans (Edinburgh), Pauline Meadows (London, E.C.), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), Digby Goddard-Renwick (Ditton Hill), H. I. Strand (Seaton), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), "Crusoe" (Burton), Winifred Tasker (Middleham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent, for the following :

THE HIDDEN FORCE. BY LOUIS COUPERUS.
(Jonathan Cape.)

"What porridge had John Keats ?"
BROWNING, *Popularity*.

We also select for printing:

FUTILITY. By WILLIAM GERHARDI. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

"Washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water."

HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

THIS FREEDOM. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I'll marry this lady to-day,
And I'll marry the other to-morrow."

W. S. GILBERT, *Trial By Jury.*

(Eileen Roberts, 10, Hilda Street, Barry.)

THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF IRELAND. By H. B. C. POLLARD. (Philip Allan.)

"I declare I've often dreamt of them, and had nightmares in my bed."

T. HOOD. *China Mender.*

(M. R. Grove, 2, Albion Street, W.2.)

III.—This PRIZE is divided and Two NEW BOOKS each sent to H. A. C. Legge, of Bramdean, Alresford, Hants, and Margery Constance Nudd, of 54, High Street, Yiewsley, Middlesex, for the following:

". . . The joys of the road are chiefly these . . .
A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks too;
The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;
With only another league to wend,
And two brown arms at the journey's end."
(From "The Joys of the Road," by Bliss Carmen.)

MARGERY CONSTANCE NUDD.

"And this shall be for music, when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches, and the roadside fire."
(From "Romance," by Robert Louis Stevenson.)

H. A. C. LEGGE.

Twenty-three competitors have sent the same quotation from Stevenson's "The Vagabond"; thirteen the same from Masefield's "Tewkesbury Road"; twelve the same from Gerald Gould's "Wander Thirst"; and six other quotations are repeated in smaller numbers. We specially commend these and commend for lesser known quotations M. E. Wyly (Slough), W. W. Miller (Putney), Mary A. Kyd (Broughty Ferry), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Marcus Hyman (Clapton), A. M. Hillier (London, N.), Marion Peacock (Horsham), Alfred Green (Skipton), Miss E. Hanson (Bingley), Miss J. Pearson (Halifax).

IV.—The PRIZE of HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Geoffrey H. Wells, of 14, Essich Street, Roath Park, Cardiff, for the following:

AN ESSAY TOWARDS A THEORY OF ART. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. (Martin Secker.)

This essay is a valuable contribution to the study of Æsthetics. Certain of its statements seem to need more qualification, but an occasional appearance of dogmatism is the price inevitably paid for a very desirable conciseness. This is emphatically not a book for the reader in search of relaxation. The close-packed thought of its exposition, stripped of all inessentials, of the fundamental nature of Art demands constant attention and intellectual effort for its comprehension. Mr. Abercrombie's prose, admirably expressing his thought, is hard, clear and restrained.

We also select for printing:

THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST. By Sir HENRY LUCY. (John Murray.)

This is not only one of the best books Sir Henry Lucy has written, but it is one of the best books of its kind that anyone has written during recent years. We have had popular malicious diaries, and at least one well-written morbid diary, but here we have a clever normal diary that is neither malicious nor morbid. The entries cover about twenty years of a busy life. Of some great men we get a complete pen-and-ink sketch, of others just a revealing glimpse in passing. The book abounds in incident, and teems with interest throughout.

(A. P. Pearson, 50, Savile Park Road, Halifax.)

THE WOMAN IN THE LITTLE HOUSE. By M. L. EYLES. (Grant Richards.)

The great fascination of this book lies in its absorbing reality. It is the story of a working woman's daily life, written by one who has lived in the same surroundings and under similar conditions. Though it is not a book for indiscriminate reading, it should be studied by every woman who is interested in economic conditions. It is true to life; true in its sordidness, and true in the witness it bears to the unflagging bravery of a woman's fight against heavy odds.

(Ann Gibbins, The Rectory, Oxted, Surrey.)

PAGES FROM THE WORKS OF THOMAS HARDY. ARRANGED BY RUTH HEAD. (Chatto & Windus.)

In this extensive and nicely chosen anthology the compiler has presented a wonderful view of the mind of a great genius, and of the rural territory he has made so peculiarly his own. Though unscientifically arranged, these pages selected from his work illustrate its general import, every extract being brought to its natural termination, and poems appearing *in extenso*. The quotations from "The Dynasts" exemplify some of the sterner themes treated by Hardy. The result is a successful cumulative effect not always experienced in kindred anthologies. An abler introduction to a great classic writer could not be desired.

(Wilfrid Robertshaw, 13, Boynton Street, West Bowling, Bradford, Yorks.)

MR. PROHACK. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen.)

Starting from such a well-worn theme as a man's coming unexpectedly into a fortune, Mr. Bennett, instead of evolving a doleful tract on the snares and temptations of wealth, has given us a genial and attractive story, enlivened by many amusing episodes. Mr. Prohack is an unsophisticated soul whom riches cannot spoil, but to whom they bring increased enjoyment of life. His wife, Eve, is equally delightful, with her innocent joy in expensive clothes, jewellery, and bigger establishments, while their son and daughter, both unusually level-headed young people, plan their lives with a serene indifference to their father's accumulating capital.

(Winifred M. Davies, 44, Loudoun Street, Derby.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by E. Noël Saxelby (Buxton), W. Cuhill (Manchester), D. Mason (Hampstead), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), L. M. Priest (Norwich), E. M. Liddell (Chepstow), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), E. I. W. (Weston-super-Mare), J. V. Catlin (Gloucester), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford), Frederick A. G. Service (Penge), Flora Bigham (Tillington), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), E. MacBean (Bristol), H. Oldham (Bolton), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), O. M. W. Warner (Beckenham), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), M. Warne (Ashton-on-Mersey), James A. Richards (Tenby).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to May W. Harrison, of Bracebridge Heath Hospital, Lincoln.

BENJAMIN SWIFT.

BY F. G. BETTANY.

AFTER a silence of some years the novelist who writes under the pseudonym of Benjamin Swift has issued a new story; its title is the characteristic one of "Sudden Love" and in the course of it occurs the following passage:

"A great master who wrote on the '*ivresse d'amour*' says that from the moment that even the wisest man falls in love he no longer sees things as they are. He loses the sense of proportion and probability and his mind becomes the prey of hope and fear. Everything becomes exaggerated. '*L'amour déraisonne.*' It creates in us the most extravagant change. It is a blazing fire and we are the fuel. It is a whirlwind and we are the leaves driven before it. It is an agitated dream, '*une rêve passionnée,*' or a lonely mystery which has as its centre one human face. When we love and are uncertain whether we are loved in return, we may be marching to the edge of an abyss. The only real love and the most dangerous is the love which holds the soul like a fortress to the exclusion of every other worldly interest and prepares the lover for every sacrifice except the sacrifice of renouncing the beloved."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Benjamin Swift
(Mr. W. Romaine Paterson).

That passage might be taken as the motto, the summary of all Mr. Romaine Paterson's work in the sphere of fiction—certainly it might be of the ten novels of his composing with which I can claim acquaintance. It is rare to find an author, after twenty-six years of writing, ending as it were where he began, sounding the same note that he struck in youth. But we get such preoccupation with one idea or, to put the fact more generously, we meet with such a uniform attitude towards love in the case of Benjamin Swift. To him any such innocent symbol of sex-feeling as the poets have fashioned out of the classical conception of Cupid, the boy-archer, has never appealed; the imagery that would secure his approval would have to have something sinister about it, some touch of the Dionysiac or Orphic. His love-god's torch would be more active than his bow. In his view, ever since he made his plunge into authorship with "Nancy Noon," love should be shown as a tearing, consuming, maddening passion, full of violence even at its best and a thing to shudder at in its perverted aspect. Did he not tell us long ago in the preface which explained his first novel that he had set himself to picture "Love holding his head for giddiness and—yes, I will confess it—Lust sitting with cold feet at last"? The very titles of some of his earlier books betray his constancy to his pet notion; love as "The Destroyer" is the topic of one, the nudity of his "Nude Souls" is brought about by sex-passion of different sorts, and if the hero of "The Tormentor" earns its description the title might also be applied to the love by which he himself is tormented. So again we hear the distraught husband in "Dartnell" declaring that "the shallow view of love, the stage view, the British view, the view that makes it a toy, is to be despised; it is an amazing fire cremating our very souls," and the refrain continues throughout Mr. Paterson's fiction right down, as the quotation given above proves, to the present year of grace. This devotion to a theory or philosophy of sex puts a stamp of individuality on all his novels; if from the heights of youthful success he looked forward almost with fear to becoming very wise and self-repressed, in this respect he has not changed or recanted.

"Nancy Noon" took the town by storm as long ago as 1896. It has been an odd experience turning up that favourite of nearly a generation ago and re-reading it, with the fear never quite absent until the last page was reached that the old delight it once gave might not be recaptured. Were we wrong, we youngsters of the old century, I kept asking myself, when we lavished our praises on the prentice effort? The libraries no longer stock it; the book was not too easily obtained. If I may judge by the trouble I had in purchasing a copy—my own having been lent and lost many years back—"Nancy Noon" can never have been issued in a popular edition; let the publisher take the hint. For the answer to my question is an emphatic "No." We were not mistaken in regarding this novel as something out of the common rut, as having a sort of lyrical fervour in its narrative, as providing a rich gallery of varied and arresting portraits, as working out an exciting plot at fever-pitch of passion. Still to-day the fullness of its characterisation and the warmth and brilliance of its style can be heartily admired. Many of its types in their grotesque oddity—for instance Mr. Bacchus the pawnbroker and shelterer of wantons with his perennial expletive "Wretched world!" and the fat and foul-mouthed old harridan Mrs. Jarrig, or Twigg the drunken phrenologist to whom poor Nan is betrayed in marriage, or mad Mrs. Crouch and her wronged daughter Jen—remind the reader of Dickens just as does the author's

general exuberance of invention in this book. Even here—the fault grows on him in later works—he is too apt to step between the reader and his characters and insist on talking about them instead of letting them explain themselves, but he is so afire with interest in them that his rhetoric about them proves contagious instead of seeming an interference. Even here he makes them do things a little out of character so as to heighten the pitch of his drama; thus it is difficult to believe that a girl who shows such self-reliance as Nancy could ever have been trapped into going through the marriage ceremony with Twigg, or would have hidden her love of Benny Moulter from her quixotic saviour, Sparshott, through fear of his withdrawing his protection. But you forgive the cheating of Sparshott by both the heroine and by Moulter as her counsel, forgive the quixote's lapse into intrigue with Jiss or the hectic passion of Dick Kedgwin and his fiancée's sister Lucy, forgive even the melodrama of the final scene at the Playmaidens' for the sake of the pace and the pathos of the story, the eloquence, the wit, the unflagging zest and humour of its narrator. There is a glow on this book, there is a wealth of colour in it he has never since matched. His second novel, "The Tormentor," is no less felicitous on the intellectual side and is truer in its analysis of character, containing as it does a masterly study of a kind of modern Iago, who ferrets out the secrets of his neighbourhood and then plays with his group of victims, torturing them about the sins he has tricked them into confessing until he is tripped up by his own devilry. But Mr. Paterson's stage is smaller here, he makes a girl of decent upbringing surrender herself too easily to lust and he sacrifices too mercilessly an innocent young creature to the exigences of his plot. There are more brains than heart in this tragedy.

The grim element in life has always attracted Benjamin Swift. If love has its ecstasies in his fiction it has always also its agonies—think of Nancy Noon's ordeal, of Maud Whiffer's hourly persecution in her home!—and as a rule the novelist gives it unbridled lust as a foil. In point of fact he is a moralist as well as an analyst, and though it would appear from some of his *obiter dicta* as if he had lost touch with dogmatic Christianity, he finds it hard to resist every now and then the temptation to preach. It would be interesting to count the number of times the word "iniquity" turns up in his novels. There is almost a touch of Bunyan in him at times, especially when he is tackling the subjects implied in the title of such a novel as "In Piccadilly"; here he takes too severe a view of the life of London's leisured and wealthier classes, and overmuch sympathy seems extended by him to the standpoint of a crazy old pietistic laird who, in his desperate fear lest his young son and heir should be tainted by London vices, succumbs to the domination of an intriguing valet. The laird is made a Lear-like figure, but more cleverly done is the sketch of the lackey whose passion is to command where once he served. Mr. Paterson is rather fond of such ambitious menials as this Dalbiac; I can recall at least two others—the blackmailing Prahl in "The Destroyer" and Rewbell in "Nude Souls." It is pleasing to say that two out of the three rogues come to a bad end. Benjamin Swift, if he lets the innocent be victimised, is too indignant with vice to permit the very ungodly to flourish. He is a moralist, then, with a tendency now and then to deliver a lay sermon, but there is a better side to his ethical and philosophical bias, for it is responsible for the aphorisms so agreeably scattered over his earlier stories. Whether we should have had these but for the example set by George Meredith with his "Pilgrim's Scrip" it is scarcely profitable to inquire. Nor is it a matter of much moment that Mr. Paterson's aphorists in "Nancy Noon," in "The Tormentor," in "The Destroyer" and in "Dartnell" speak not infrequently much the same language. It is enough that there is wit and wisdom in their speeches, that they are apt and that they can be quoted apart from their context. Here is as good an instance as any:

> "The moral preponderance of a saint, he thought—supposing a saint were possible—is got at a great cost. He rises amid the ruins of others and is unintelligible apart from the contrast. One brand plucked from the burning is, after all, only one brand, and the others that remain to burn are necessary for the moral spectacle. It was strange that man and God were always to meet in that paradox."

"Dartnell," to which allusion has been made more than once, strikes me as one of the most ingenious of all Benjamin Swift's works. It is pure fantasy, a mere piece of artifice, but beautifully finished even to the extent of its political background and its thumb-nail portraits of the Tapers and Tadpoles of party and Press. Its hero is abnormal, affecting to believe that spiritual love will satisfy a young and warm-blooded wife; his plot against her and her lover is the conception of a madman, for he announces that he is going to the East and, stowing himself on the top floor of her town house, gives the pair just long enough rope for him to be able to catch them off their guard and ruin his rival's public career. I like less "Nude Souls." It contains some of the most harrowing passages in its author's fiction, but when I reached the point at which the blind girl Harriett, loving and loved by the most amiable of young peers, fails to resist the passion of the insufferable Rewbell, I wanted to shut up the book. Vastly superior is "Sordon," which broaches a big idea and shows three men friends of a doomed invalid who suffers intolerable pain helping him out of his life of martyrdom, The theme is developed strongly, apart perhaps from the action of a nurse who turns as it were sentimental blackmailer. The plot of "Gossip" again hinges on a quaint puzzle, piquantly treated on the whole—which of twins is heir to a baronet's title, and if "The Old Dance Master" is very much of a fairy tale it has, in its cab-proprietor's two hag-like sisters, a pair of grotesques worthy to sit by the side of Mrs. Jarrig. And so we come down, so far as my reading goes, to the latest of Mr. Paterson's romances, "Sudden Love."* This obviously reflects his war experiences, and in it various types of French provincial life are neatly hit off and the home atmosphere of such burgess folk is well indicated. I am not sure that one episode is very convincing; it is conceivable that the father of a missing French soldier might have a wax model of the son he loves so much made to life-size and dressed in uniform,

* "Sudden Love: A Tale of Picardy." By Benjamin Swift. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

From the portrait by W. Strang recently added to the National Portrait Gallery.

George Meredith.

Messrs. Constable are issuing a new "Mickleham Edition" of Meredith's works, the latest volume in which, "The Amazing Marriage," was published last month.

XUM

but that he should suddenly confront this son's fiancée with the model and let her believe for the moment that it is her lover returned alive puts some strain on the reader's credulity. Nor can I quite believe that the French heroine, with her independence of character, would when her lover actually returned and proved distasteful have waited for him to offer dishonourable proposals before she sent him to the right-about. But though pictured as too submissive a daughter she is nevertheless very charming, and the English officer who wins her hand deserves his luck. The strong point of the book, however, is its analysis of a father's jealous and suspicious love; so nervous is this father of his Jeanne's beauty that the smallest deviation from rigid propriety on her part makes the tyrant rage at her and heap the vilest epithets of abuse on her head. Mr. Paterson has often shown us love in its ordinary sense as a disturbing, maddening force, but here parental affection is imagined as no less a thing of violence. Thus the novelist carries even further his favourite idea.

CONGREVE AS NOVELIST.*

By George Saintsbury.

IT is not encouraging for a modest but honest reviewer to find on the second (technically p. vi) page of the volume consigned to him that he is, not by name but by unavoidable implication, left to take his choice of being either (1) not alive, (2) not a critic, (3) a critic who does not read the books he criticises. Yet I do not see how, according to Mr. Brett-Smith, I can myself escape one or other of the horns of this very disagreeable trilemma. For he speaks of the alas! late Sir Walter Raleigh and the fortunately still existent Mr. Gosse as "*the two living critics* who have evidently read 'Incognita' with care." Observe—not merely "two" but "*the* two." Hopelessly exclusive! Mr. Brett-Smith does not even leave me the cold comfort of supposing that he has neither read nor heard of what I wrote about "Incognita" in a book with the tolerably "kenspeckle" title of "The English Novel" some ten or a dozen years ago. For he must have himself read with care every living critic who has written about it before he could commit himself to that definite and devastating article "the."

Nevertheless I am not in the least angry with Mr. Brett-Smith, though, as I show in the slighted remarks, I do not think as highly of "Incognita" as he does, or as my lamented friend Raleigh did, or even as Mr. Gosse (whom precise Mr. Brett-Smith, still hard to please, calls "timid") does or did. On the contrary I think he has done a very good deed by making the little book more accessible in very agreeable form, and by giving me the opportunity not merely to read it carefully a second (I give him my word of honour that it is a second) time, but of correcting my first judgment in detail though not in general purport, with the aid of a greatly enlarged knowledge of French seventeenth century romance—to the school whereof "Incognita" undoubtedly belongs—which I had to acquire for the purposes of my "French Novel" book. This enlargement, it is true, does not even yet enable me—and I doubt whether anybody in England, Germany or France itself is able—to settle decisively the question whether Congreve's juvenile attempt is a translation or adaptation of any particular French original. A phrase in the preface has been thought to confess as much on one side; and Mr. Brett-Smith, on the other, is quite sure that it does nothing of the sort, but refers only to an undoubted and previously confessed intention to imitate *dramatic writing*. Either of these views I think maintainable. But what I knew hardly anything of when I wrote, and what Mr. Brett-Smith does not seem to know much of when he correctly mentions as Congreve's originals the French Heroic Romances and the Italian *Novella*, consists of the very numerous and very curious but very little known French story-books, partly "Bergeries," partly not, which in not a few cases precede not merely the "Heroics" proper, but the "Astrée." I mention these not for parade of knowledge, but because such knowledge as I have has confirmed me in the idea that Congreve's indebtedness to the French novel generally can hardly be exaggerated.

Anyone, indeed, who is acquainted with the French fiction of the late sixteenth and the entire seventeenth century must be struck by the appearance, at the very beginning of "Incognita," of that curious thing the "compliment." Of course until the twentieth century the old saying, "When gentlefolks meets compliments passes" was as accurate in fact as it was licentious in grammar. But there are compliments and compliments; and this particular kind seldom, I think, took real hold either of English literature or English life. It was a thing prepared beforehand, like an impromptu; and kept ready in batches for discharge like the cartridges of a magazine gun. Sometimes the writer of the novel in French actually leaves it out, merely saying, "*Après un compliment qu'il avait préparé*" as if it were a sort of preamble, to be taken as read. So in Congreve, Aurelian, the first hero, is "big with a compliment" which unfortunately "miscarries" because somebody interrupts the conversation; and afterwards finds his compliment "a little overstrained" as if, let us say, he had tried to get a ·320 cartridge into a ·303 chamber. The rant of the heroic style—"Ah! Ungrateful and undutiful wretch. . . . Go, thou now-to-be-forgotten Leonora," etc.—is much more French than English, much more like Racine than Dryden. And I do not remember many English fathers of that or indeed of any period (except perhaps that of Sterne-Mackenzie "Sensibility") who would, when giving a dinner-party, have wept for no other reason than that their eyes were fixed on a son.

Of course, however, the point of real interest is not whether Congreve imitated somebody or something

* "Incognita: or Love and Duty Reconciled." By William Congreve. Edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. "Percy Reprints." 4s. 6d. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

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London: HUTCHINSON and CO.

else; hardly even whether he translated something else; least of all whether (as used to be thought and is indeed not impossible) he has Italianised certain English experiences of his own or some other person's. The point or points is or are whether his prefatory intimation that he has tried, so to speak, to dramatise narrative without taking the dramatic form, is carried out or not; and (still more) whether the result is or is not successful. The majority of critics—with whom I both do and did on the whole agree—answer the last and most important question in the negative; Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Brett-Smith strongly, and Mr. Gosse rather less so, in the affirmative. It is not however very easy, in any limited space, to give reasons for an opinion on the subject. Short as the book is—the whole thing from title to *finis* does not fill seventy pages here—it would not be easy to shorten further the imbroiled loves and personages of Aurelian and Hippolito on the one hand; Juliana (the "Incognita") and Leonora on the other. There are balls, and masquings, and exchanges of names, and street fights, and incomplete addresses, and mistakes in the dark, and letters and tournaments and dinners and more fights among ruins, and revolutions and discoveries galore. But it seems to me that in recounting all this Congreve has carried out his intention of imitating the manner of playwrights to his hurt and the story's. It suggests itself as the scenario of a very tolerable play of the time—mixed intrigue and cape-and-sword—such for instance as Thomas Corneille's "Feint Astrologue" or Dryden's imitation of it. But it does not present itself, to me at least, as a good *story*. And it follows that type of play by having little or nothing of the "character" which Congreve did manage to introduce in his own later drama, though he has been charged with smothering and neglecting it in his prodigality of brilliant dialogue.

This brings us to another and the last of our points—the question whether this brilliancy of dialogue and comment, the one gift which no one, himself possessing any wit or wits at all, can deny to Congreve—is already visible in work which cannot have been written after he came of age, and has sometimes been said to be the production of a boy of seventeen. There is no doubt wit in it, but, I should say, more like the wit of any fairly clever boy of seventeen than of a Congreve even at twenty-one. The criticism of the Heroic plays and romances, which Mr. Brett-Smith quotes from Congreve's preface in his own, is sound enough and neatly phrased; but it is, as Mr. Brett-Smith himself quite frankly confesses, only what men of sense had said from the time of "The Rehearsal" and earlier, and it is not put more smartly than most clever undergraduates would put it. No vice is more frequently imputed to age than (if the dotard be a University man) a proneness to think his successors terribly fallen off as compared with his own contemporaries. For my own part I trust, and am quite content to believe, that Oxford and Cambridge at the present moment contain if not exactly King Harry's, "five hundred good as he," considerably more than one man or even one dozen men who could parody twentieth century novels as well as, if not better than, the future author of "Love for Love" and "The Way of the World" parodied seventeenth century ones. But I am less confident in hoping that any of these will in future years match those marvellous wit-combats themselves.

And if anybody thinks that this is inconsistent, I venture to think *him* uncritical.

New Books.

HARRY AND LAURENCE IRVING.*

The premature deaths of Sir Henry Irving's sons, who both passed away before they were fifty, robbed the English stage of two artists who in all probability would, had they lived longer, have set an indelible mark upon it. It is unlikely indeed that a person so austere and ascetic as Harry Irving *seemed* to be would ever have been widely popular either in his profession or among playgoers. An Oxford man, who smokes little and drinks little, who dislikes animals and is interested in criminals, who is aloof rather than hail-fellow-well-met, is too much in the following of Macready to commend himself to the average frequenter of the Bodega or of Maiden Lane. Nor is it probable that an actor who generally essayed characters and produced plays that had in them some touch of the morbid or the bizarre would ever have become the idol of the theatre. Harry Irving, in fact, like his father, was handicapped by dryness of manner and of emotion, by angularity of gait and of person, and by a rather high-pitched voice. But he inherited Sir Henry's rare distinction; and his boy-lover in "The Princess and the Butterfly," his French count in "The Princess's Nose," and above all his butler in "The Admirable Crichton," had all something of the demonic in them. This quality he hardly managed to infuse, I think, into those parts in which he succeeded his father. But I remember, still with some surprise, how amazingly good he was in two romantic rôles, that of the young German officer in "Lights Out" and that of the Chevalier Wogan in "Clementina," parts that

H. B. and Laurence Irving.
From "H. B. and Laurenc Irving" (Grant Richards).

* "H. B. and Laurence Irving." By Austen Brereton. 12s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

required a display of the most exalted and chivalrous emotion. Laurence Irving, when I first remember him, was as awkward a character actor as his brother was a young lover; but he had in him, I fancy, more of the stuff of the great actor. A student and lover of books, like "H. B.," he always struck me as more naturally expansive, more temperamentally emotional. I recollect how amusing, in a farcical way, he was in "The Wild Duck," and how badly he acted on one or two occasions on which I saw him playing in his father's company. But he matured very rapidly; and his tyrannical old aristocrat in "The Lily," his hero-villain in "Crime and Punishment," and his Japanese fatalist in "Typhoon," were invested with just that power and intensity which Harry Irving's creations lacked. Those who wish to recall memories of these two distinguished actors, actors who possessed that gift of personality with which our present-day leading men—Mr. Loraine excepted—are so sparsely endowed, should on no account omit to procure Mr. Austen Brereton's informing and authoritative biography, a record which is at once "pious" and not too guardedly official.

LEWIS BETTANY.

MODERN DEVELOPMENTS IN EDUCATIONAL PRACTICE.*

At a recent dinner in honour of Professor Adams a certain high official declared that there were 20,000 teachers in London, and the greatest of them was John Adams. It was a neat statement which had the additional advantage of being true. Certain it is that as a teacher of teachers, both amateur and professional, Professor Adams has for many years occupied a place of peculiar authority. Teachers really want to know what he thinks about the theory and practice of their craft; and never more so than to-day when traditional methods of teaching and testing are being assailed from all quarters. The changes suggested are drastic and surprising. We are told that the class system has broken down and that the teacher of the future will not lead but direct—that he will in fact be an organiser of studies rather than an instructor of youth. And the examiner will not examine—not in the old way, at any rate. He will test by means of standard scales, and he will separately gauge native intelligence and school attainments. Then again the advocates of the newest of new psychologies, the psychology of the unconscious, warn us that we shall have to revise our theories of discipline and of character-building.

It is true that the majority of teachers turn a deaf ear to these doctrines; but the few who really count in the shaping of school practice are singularly sensitive to both exhortation and criticism. They are often torn by conflicting fears—the fear of succumbing to a passing fad on the one hand, and the fear of rejecting a real reform on the other. However that may be, to know what the new tendencies are—to know what winds are blowing on the educational ship—is clearly the duty of all who are concerned in the upbringing of the young. And there is no better or pleasanter way of finding out than by reading the book under review.

Professor Adams approaches the various questions in an admirable spirit of fairness. He sets out to appraise, not to praise; still less to condemn. Instead of pleading as an advocate, he sums up as a judge. While sympathetic to the new movements, he refuses to follow them blindly. His open mind is not so open that the old things drop out. And moreover he handles thorny questions with a sweetness of temper that is rare with your educational reformer, who is far too fond of putting on the mantle of Jeremiah and telling us that in the matter of education we are lost beyond redemption. Of the educational scold people are getting a little tired.

The one unifying principle that Dr. Adams finds underneath all the new tendencies is what Stanley Hall has

* "Modern Developments in Educational Practice." By John Adams. 6s. (University of London Press.)

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XUM

called "paido-centricism." It is a shifting of the centre of interest and attention from the subject-matter to the child, and from the teacher to the learner. The author makes out a good case for the view that the Dalton Plan, Intelligence Tests, the Gary Scheme, the Play Way, the Project Method, and indeed all the new movements, place the child in the foreground and allow his needs to dominate the situation. A difficulty arises when we try to answer the question: What are the child's real needs? How are we to distinguish them from his mere whims and caprices? The extreme advocates of free discipline reply that there is no need to distinguish them. They claim for the child full freedom to realise the possibilities of his nature. They maintain that freedom, if it means anything at all, means freedom to do wrong as well as freedom to do right, and that it is only by going astray and then finding his way back that the child learns to do right from a valid motive. Behind it all lies the assumption that he always will find his way back—that the possibilities of his nature are in the final resort good. On this view free discipline is certainly free, but is it discipline? This is but one of the numerous questions that arise in discussing the new doctrines. In presenting them to the public there is a manifest need for clear thinking and much common sense. Both elements are abundantly supplied.

As an author Professor Adams is happy in everything except the titles of his books. The title of this his latest book, like that of his first ("The Herbartian Psychology applied to Education") aptly enough describes the nature of the contents; but neither suggests the shrewdness and humour with which the topics are treated. The titles are liable to alarm the general reader, whereas the books themselves are among the few educational books which may be read by everybody with entertainment as well as profit.

P. B. BALLARD.

Wadi al Shajara,
A Halt for Afternoon Prayer.

From "The Heart of Arabia" (Constable).

A GREAT JOURNEY.*

From the outset, when he takes in hand these two beautifully produced volumes of travel and exploration, the critic is faced with a sense of diffidence and a feeling of presumption in even accepting the title of "critic" at all; for it is with Arabia as it is with the Arctic regions—the only really satisfactory way of dealing with these books about almost unknown lands would be to travel in them oneself before attempting to write in praise or blame of travellers. Yet, for the sake of the pleasure which others may gain by arm-chair journeys, let us be held blameless in this matter.

Mr. Philby was appointed political officer to the British Mission which left Bagdad in October, 1917, to study the political and military situation created by the general relationship between Germany, the Turks and the Arabs, and by a series of chances he found himself for about a year the sole representative of Great Britain in the central districts of Arabia. He crossed that land from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea, a great part of his journey being over unexplored ground, and as a result of his work the social, political and economic conditions of the heart of Arabia have been opened to our knowledge and extensive tracts of the country have been mapped. Many times his tact saved him in difficult situations, some of them being distinctly amusing—as when he was held up at Shauki by the incurably dilatory methods of the Arab, while longing to get away and take advantage of the remaining few weeks of cool weather. May followed April; "on May 4th," writes the author, "I woke up to find that no further progress had been recorded, and Ibrahim, putting in his usual appearance at my levee, found me in the worst of tempers. The Arab, readily forgetful of unpleasant incidents of the past and always an optimist for the future, collapses hopelessly under the burden of present troubles, and Ibrahim beat a hasty retreat before the tirade on the dilatory conduct of his kind with which I received him." At last Mr. Philby tried hunger-striking in a mild way. Offered breakfast, he refused it, "and the slave sat down with Ibrahim to starve me into submission":

> "I affected extreme preoccupation with a book, and Ata'llah retired after half an hour; at 11.30, the test of endurance having lasted just two hours, Ibrahim rose with a great sigh and stumped heavily out of the room, his flowing robes and clanking scabbard trailing after him, with an air of injured dignity. Yet once more during the morning my powers of endurance were put to the test, when Ibn Musallim peeped into my room with a concerned, quizzical expression on his solemn face demanding when I would break my fast.
> "'Not to-day,' I replied, and he withdrew."

The experiment was successful, and the necessary camels and equipment were produced.

Of the magnificent store of information given by Mr. Philby on the customs of the country, the archæological discoveries and verifications, the wells and oases, the intermittent military developments and problems, the notes on language, climate, configuration, we have no space to write. Excellent new maps, and many full-page illustrations, will help the reader to follow in thought Mr. Philby's fascinating narrative. After all has been said of the book as an interesting account of travel,

* "The Heart of Arabia." By H. St. J. Philby, C.I.E., I.C.S. Two volumes, illustrated. £3 3s. (Constable.)

however (which is a meagre way of expressing its charm), we must emphasise its larger and higher value as a record, wherein are preserved data of the utmost significance for all future travellers and historians. With the work of his few forerunners in Arabia the author is fully acquainted, and he himself, we may safely assert, has added, in his turn, one of the finest books of its kind to the history of this mysterious, sunbaked land.

W. L. RANDELL.

AN UNCLE'S ODYSSEY.*

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the adventurous, the curious, mapped out an Odyssey that exactly suited him, when he sat down to describe an uncle's cruise among his relations. The uncle is childless and has just been widowed, and by his wife's desire he has to distribute her money among the most deserving of her nephews and nieces.

The uncle, who of course is Mr. Lucas in disguise, finds it no easy task. Like the hero of "If Winter Comes," he is blessed or cursed with the faculty of seeing both sides to a question, both sides to a life. And may he not do more harm than good by endowing strenuous striving youth with money it has so far failed to earn? Giles, a brother uncle, who has been amply endowed by his own father, assures him he will. No one has a right to money he has not earned, says this self-condemning fatuity; if you can't earn your own living, you deserve to be pole-axed. And his brother's first, and last, attempt at endowment seems to bear out this Nietzschean theory. A young artist refuses to be endowed. He is of the same opinion as Mr. Prohack; money would only clip the wings of his Pegasus.

The pursuit of this young artist, who has fled from an indignant father to hide himself in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau, leads Mr. Lucas into a digression on Barbizon and its school. A hackneyed theme acquires fresh charm in the sunshine of his broad humanity, in the illumination of his knowledge. From Barbizon he travels to Moret, a mediæval town, not so well known, without Barbizon's halo, but more attractive in itself. Later on in his Odyssey an attempt to reclaim Ginevra's brother, who is drinking himself to perdition, takes the good uncle Cavanagh to Madrid and Seville, and provides Mr. Lucas with a second digression, on Spanish artists.

Between these digressions on the art of France and Spain, which are introduced naturally and without any sense of hindrance to the main theme, Uncle Cavanagh pursues his quest, and the pursuit brings out at every step that genial, tolerant frame of mind which we associate with Mr. Lucas. Condemning the whole system of racing, he is forced to confess that the trainer's home he visits is filled with sunshine. Having no love for *vers libre*, he yet cannot shut his eyes to the beauties to be found in a young nephew's productions. A priest who does not believe in all the dogmas of his religion seems to him an anomaly, almost a hypocrite. Yet the man is seen to be doing good work in surroundings that would drag Cavanagh himself into the depths of depression.

But the real comedy of the book centres in Uncle Giles's life. Here is the life which puts the greatest strain on the Lucas philosophy. Gallant attempts are made to make it share in the genial tolerance of that philosophy. He is represented, selfish old bachelor though he is, as playing a glorious practical joke on a family of nephews and nieces; but the reader is compelled to doubt his capacity for such an effort. Henry James's joke at the expense of the old man of Rye, told in another connection, we can understand, though it hardly seems like him, but the altruistic joke attributed to Giles, the selfish, affronts our credulity. We think Mr. Lucas more sincere when he suggests the application to Giles of that apophthegm from "Man's Oldest Foe": "Self-complacency is the supreme failure. Call no man dead till he is happy." The self-complacent clubman is really dead, and round his happy unhappy ghost

* "Ginevra's Money." By E. V. Lucas. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

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XUM

Mr. Lucas's wit and humour play in a continual sparkle. Here, he hints, is the incarnation of that modern gospel: "One must live one's own life." Hints, but does not preach it. What preaching there is, is put, as at the end of that great quest, "The Ring and the Book," in the mouth of an aged divine, and even he is not safe from the flicker of the author's humour, as he persists in evading the question whether a priest is bound to endorse all the dogmas of his church. So ends Uncle Cavanagh's quest, a story typical of Mr. Lucas's genius, and one that gives him a fresh claim on our gratitude and our affection.

W. A. Fox.

WHAT G. K. C. SAW IN AMERICA.*

They say that what you see in any country depends on what you go to look for. It is impossible to say what Mr. Chesterton went looking for, but he saw more of poetry and fairyland in New York and other American cities than seem to be visible to most visitors or even to their inhabitants, in spite of his protest that he merely went on a lecture tour and had little more opportunity for observation than is available to a wild animal travelling in a menagerie. He does not attempt to furnish you with a guide-book; he does not seem to have gone out of his way for the sake of sightseeing; but wherever he went he found the New World full of a number of things that might be ordinary to another but to him were as interesting, amusing, curious or beautiful as if at his coming they had magically turned inside out to show him aspects of themselves that they rarely revealed. The mammoth hotels of America, all built on the same gigantic pattern, instead of repelling him by their bigness, newness, strangeness, assumed a homely, familiar guise and appealed to him as legitimate descendants of the snug little old inns that still survive in England from the Middle Ages. In all the hotels, he says:

"The whole of the lower floor is thrown open to the public streets and treated as a public square. But above it and all round it runs another floor in the form of a sort of deep gallery, furnished more luxuriously and looking down on the moving mobs beneath. No one is allowed on this floor except the guests or clients of the hotel. . . . I am haunted with a hint that the new structures are not so very new; and that they remind me of something very old. As I look from the balcony floor the crowds seem to float away and the colours to soften and grow pale, and I know I am in one of the simplest and most ancestral of human habitations. I am looking down from the old wooden gallery upon the courtyard of an inn. This new architectural model, which I have described, is after all one of the oldest European models, now neglected in Europe and especially in England. It was the theatre in which were enacted innumerable picaresque comedies and romantic plays, with figures ranging from Sancho Panza to Sam Weller. . . . Some day perhaps this huge structure will be found standing in solitude like a skeleton; and it will be the skeleton of the Spotted Dog or the Blue Boar. It will wither and decay until it is worthy at last to be a tavern."

If he walks along Broadway by night the changing, flashing, illuminated advertisements plastered all up and down the skyscrapers and festooned across the street lose their garishness and vulgarity and are touched with beauty and mystic significance when he starts speculating on how they would present themselves to an innocent countryman who could not read but stared up at them awed by their dazzling splendours of light and colour and guessing at wonderful meanings in them that could not be there for anyone who knew they were simply chattering such fiery blatancies as "Tang Tonic To-Day, Tang Tonic To-Morrow, Tang Tonic All the Time."

But he is not always letting his imagination run free and so transfiguring the ordinary and the commonplace. He discusses shrewdly, sometimes drastically, various phases of American city and country life, American business men, American manners, habits, language, fads; the American spirit; American and other democracy; the Irish in America; the relations between America and England, and the folly of assuming that any kinship still exists between the two. His criticisms are sometimes caustic, but he puts in a laugh that takes the sting out of them; he nearly always comes round to a recognition that there is another side to every question and that viewed from a different standpoint what dissatisfies him may be satisfactory.

The humour and good-humour of it all are delightful. Mr. Chesterton laughs as readily at himself as at American idiosyncrasies and institutions that amuse him, and there is a more searching truth in some of his jests than in most of the staid judgments on men and affairs that are written by graver students. Witty, whimsical, by turns finely or grotesquely fantastic, this remains to my thinking one of the most brilliantly suggestive books that any pilgrim to America has brought back with him.

A.

* "What I Saw in America." By G. K. Chesterton. 12s. 6d. Hodder & Stoughton.)

KING MONMOUTH.*

Judging by their jackets—and publishers, with luridity on the outer cover and a summary of the story on the flap, seem to beg reviewers to penetrate no further!—these two novels suggest goodly adventure. The distinguished-looking pirate head with the grey eyes on the one cover gives fearsome hints of deeds of derring-do on the Spanish Main or some other highway on the route to Execution Dock. The masked figure on the other book, passing under an indigo sky through golden grain to a brilliantly lighted house, appears to promise mysterious doings.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. H. C. Bailey,**
Author of "The Plot" (Methuen).

There are jackets *and* jackets. In these two instances, be it said, there is quite becoming appropriateness. They promise nothing more than their volumes abundantly provide. And there is something still more that links the two, for they are both historical stories, and the period to which they belong is covered by the seven years that lie between the Titus Oates Plot and the Battle of Sedgmoor; the one opens in the summer of 1678 and the other in the summer of 1685. The one deals with rebellious plottings and the other with the strange result of a rebellion on one who was punished by being outlawed into slavery, though he was, himself, no rebel. In the one the young Duke of Monmouth is called upon to declare himself as King Monmouth—and in the other his disastrous attempt to do so has far-reaching effects. In each story, too, we have a trial with Jeffreys on the Bench.

Apart from that there is little linking of the two. Mr. H. C. Bailey takes us among Court circles at the time when Romanism and Protestantism were plotting and planning around the throne of that Merry Monarch whose humour it was not to define his own position with the uncompromising frankness of a zealot. Mr. Rafael Sabatini, on the other hand, soon takes us away from the Bloody Assize which followed on Monmouth's failure in the West Country to the plantations in the West Indies and the adventurous paths of piracy.

It is a capital story that Mr. Bailey has to tell of the somewhat involved happenings, concerning more especially two families, that were caused during the days when the revelations of Titus Oates and the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey had sent the population of London mad on

* "The Plot." By H. C. Bailey. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"Captain Blood." By Rafael Sabatini. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

the subject of a Papist plot—and so given opportunity for private malice to be indulged under colour of public service. Chance brought together in one boat crossing the Channel, Titus Oates, the bandy-legged zealot, and Anthony Strode, and also Jonathan Hayle and the beautiful Delia Poyntz, nephew and daughter of Lord Milford, a Catholic nobleman. On landing at Deal the last two are met by Lord Milford, while Anthony is met by his guardian Sir Simon Alington and the incomparable Betty. At once things begin to get lively, and before long we are in the thick of the plot, meeting in the course of it Shaftesbury and Buckingham, the King and the Duke of York, Monmouth and other notables, but ever keeping our special interest in Jonathan and Tony and their affairs. Remarkable are the adventures, kidnapping, flight, duel, trial, but more remarkable perhaps is the way in which the author has given the air of verisimilitude to his scenes and persons, and the lively spirit of their conversation. For the time being we seem to be living in the period, so skilful is the story-telling in this exceptionally excellent essay in the art of the historical novel.

Mr. Sabatini only deals with the England disturbed by the brief "invasion" of Monmouth in the opening chapters, for the purpose of showing the conditions in which Peter Blood came to be spirited away from his peaceful practice as a doctor at Bridgwater to the West Indies. These conditions are such that few readers can fail to sympathise with him when he turned pirate, and to follow his subsequent adventures with sympathetic interest. Unjustly accused and unjustly condemned, he had either to continue a slave at the mercy of a brutal bully or to escape and take the lawless occupation that offered. And a very fine unconventional pirate he makes, too, until—thanks to love—he is able to break away from it in circumstances similar to those recorded of Sir Henry Morgan. It is a spiritedly told romance that Mr. Sabatini has devised with all his accustomed skill, and one which has goodly entertainment for all who can respond to the thrill of great fights and narrow escapes on the Spanish Main.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE STORY OF MANKIND.*

To have compressed the long story of mankind into a single volume—even into one so ample as this, which runs to nearly five hundred pages—is a very considerable achievement, especially since it is done so capably and in a manner that makes such fascinating reading. Mr. Wells has dealt with the same wonderful story in his "Outline of History," and I notice certain American critics are claiming that Mr. Van Loon's is the abler, more masterly work of the two. I shall not attempt a decision on that point. The books are too different in treatment, have, apart from their subject, too little in common for any real comparison between them to be drawn. It is praise enough to say that, in his own way, Mr. Van Loon has done as skilfully and brilliantly for younger readers what Mr. Wells has done for an adult audience.

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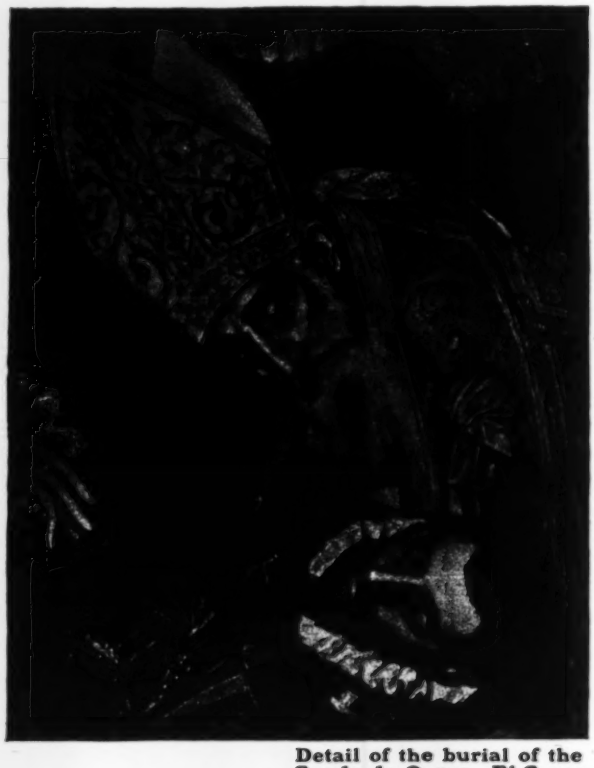

Detail of the burial of the Conde de Orgaz. El Greco.
From "Madrid Past and Present," by Mrs. Steuart Erskine (John Lane).

MEN AND ECONOMICS.*

There is in these two books—one speaking for the people who are without, and the other the reply of the men in possession—a sense of something big, a vastness of debate; as if the stars and planets of the universe had engaged in great controversy with one another. For their subject is one of the greatest themes of all history—the struggle to possess the power and wealth of the earth; and much of it will be better understood by the poets than by the economists. For example, there is something in Mr. Noah Ablett's remarkable, even beautiful, essay which goes deeper than all the tables of statistics and all the Acts of Parliament the reformers and their critics have ever drafted. Mr. Ablett tells the story of his youth, of his gnawing determination to escape from the endless danger, toil, and monotony of that dark coal mine, to which fate threatened to condemn him for life. "I felt like a trapped animal. Up to this point my ambition was a purely selfish one and I was not troubled about my comrades." It is a strange paradox that this sentence from one of Labour's most uncompromising leaders should rend from top to bottom the theory of "class war." For Mr. Ablett admits that his first impulse was merely the desire to "improve" himself—the foundation of plutocracy! The working people have themselves bred some of the most evil of their oppressors. If there is any class struggle, the essayists of this volume certainly state their case with a fairness and reasonableness which is philosophical and scientific. Thus Mr. Robert Williams's essay reduces to rubbish most of the conventional phrases of the politicians; and there is much in Mr. Tom Mann's chapter which is realism compared with the futile theories of the orthodox economists. These Labour leaders are not as unscrupulous as the extremist adventurers who profess to have a millennium in every pocket; nor are they often so stupid as to imagine that the quickest way to Paradise is a revolution. But their opponents will call them revolutionists because they say that the present system of production at the will and for the profit of the shareholder or owner, has proved a failure. One and all they demand for the worker a larger share in both the management and the product. Now both these ends might be reached by a mere extension of co-partnership and profit-sharing. The "revolution" is rather in a vaguer assumption that the basis of industry must not be the searching for profits and wages for individual masters and men and shareholders—which (conceal it as one may) is the basis of industry to-day—but the providing of social necessities. It would be idle to think that even the Labour leaders have entirely grasped this essential change; but nevertheless it is there," in the still small voice of the conscience of the people," as Mr. Bromley expresses it in his finely-argued case for the railway men. He raises the Labour case far above a mere egotistical struggle of the working class to seize the same power which is now in the hands of other masters.

To this Labour demand it is the object of Sir Lynden Macassey to reply. His intention perhaps was to analyse the minds of the workers; and he has done it with a scrupulous fairness, and even sympathy, with a masterly statement of the facts of recent Labour organisation and of legislative and administrative action, which make his book invaluable for the student and the general reader. But Sir Lynden has done a more useful service than the analysing of the Labour mind; for he has in a still more masterly way (one uses the adjective advisedly) expressed the mind of the present controlling class. To the Labour demand for a radical change he replies with a firm refusal. In so far as his refusal is based on an objection to State Collectivism of the older socialist brand, or to the bureaucracy which would result from the new highly centralised national guilds, he is right. Again he is right

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when he thinks that all sudden changes are childishly impossible; also when he refuses to believe that the individual working-man has any higher morality or more skill in industrial management than the men now in possession. He even seems to admit the whole Labour case when he justly sums it up as: "First, removal of the ever-present menace of unemployment; secondly, recognition in industry of the worker's human status; thirdly, distribution, as of moral right, of an equitable share of the product." On all these points Sir Lynden Macassey is prepared to make great concessions, by an energetic development along the lines already laid down in theory in legislation and administration.

But on the main point he is firm. Industry must remain under the dominant control of the present master-class. It is clearly his honest opinion that in no other way can production be performed efficiently. It is here that he has failed to analyse the new mind of Labour, for he has not given its full place to that quickly-spreading demand for a new controlling force and a new ideal in industry. He has mistaken the small, badly-led clique of the National Guilds League for what is a far wider movement. Here is the deep "cause of things" to which he refers in his quotation from Virgil on his title page. It might have been more to the point if he had placed there instead another very similar line from Ovid: "Felix, qui quod amat, defendere fortiter ardet." For like most defenders he has in fact fought for what he desires. He insists on maintaining the chief element of individualist capitalism, with all that flows from it—production for profit, and all the rest. It is just this that Labour will not accept. If Sir Lynden Macassey will reconsider the Guild idea he may find that it is a real compromise; that is to say, acceptable to both parties.

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WOULD WE WELCOME CHRIST?*

I do not think Mr. Adcock will quarrel with me when I say that this new satire of his, "The Divine Tragedy," contains more good sense than poetry. Indeed, I imagine that he did not set out with the intention of writing poetry at all. He merely chose this verse-form as a convenient vehicle for conveying a message of which he felt bound to deliver himself. In his former volume in the same genre, which bore the title "Exit Homo," his serious aim was, if I remember rightly, to justify belief in immortality, making it a plea for a better use of the present. In its successor he boldly faces the question whether the average man or woman who daily offers up the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," would in reality welcome Christ's second Advent. With the interesting and suggestive introduction, "Gods in Exile," I have not space to deal. I must confine myself to the main thesis, leaving the reader to discover for himself the many verbal felicities and touches of nature with which the author plentifully adorns his text. For serious, indeed vital, as is his subject he is wise enough to recognise that there is a humorous side to the very direst of Tragedies.

Sir Pomphrey Gauden is one of the New Rich who, despite his great house in Belgrave Row and its appanages and implications:

> "Remained at heart the Pomphrey who would stand
> Behind his counter, pliant to the knee,
> Aproned and cutting rashers, weighing tea . . ."

But his wife, Lady Florence, is far otherwise, urging him on to social triumph and display. Into the midst of this striving and "climbing" suddenly a bomb falls. The new-made knight is called up on the telephone by the vicar, who announces abruptly and with undisguised perturbation that "Christ has come again!" The effect is electrical. Sir Pomphrey and his Lady are dreadfully upset. The vicar comes round to tea and discusses the matter between mouthfuls of muffin. He too finds it most disturbing. However, the best must be made of a bad job. The Man cannot be ignored. The safest thing will be to invite Him to meet their smart friends at a rout. In the event Sir Pomphrey who, though vulgar, is the most honest of them all, determines to leave all and follow Him. This is altogether too much for Lady Flo and the vicar, who call in a mental specialist and get the poor knight certified insane. That is an indication, in short, and a very inadequate one, of Mr. Adcock's method of treating in the present what we, despite our prayers, are always wishing postponed till the day after to-morrow. And he faces it with a proper admixture of sarcasm, indignation and sympathy. Obviously it is a tremendous question which each of us should frankly answer. Should I be overjoyed or dismayed, in the midst of my work, my pleasures, my music, my dancing, my golf, my bridge, to hear that Christ had come again? If not overjoyed, is it not a monstrous sham that I should continually offer up a prayer, the fulfilment of which I should regard as a preposterous interference and inconvenience? Anyone wishing to be faithful with himself would do well to read, mark and digest this striking satire. He will not agree with everything in it, but Mr. Adcock's transparent candour will at any rate prompt him to take measure of his own sincerity. The book is of course in direct descent from Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Joshua Davidson" and "Mr. Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back," but the problem is restated with an engaging freshness and originality.

G. S. LAYARD.

* "The Divine Tragedy." By A. St. John Adcock. 5s. (Selwyn & Blount.)

THE CAMERA IN ELFINDOM.*

The complaint of Keats that science had destroyed the beauty of the rainbow was, as we now know, ill-founded. Spectrum analysis invested it with even greater wonders and deeper beauties than those discerned by the eye of the poet. Perhaps the "cold poetry" of science may enrich the faerie legend by showing that it is based on a foundation of literal truth. However that may be, there should be a wide welcome for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new book, in which is brought together the scattered material which went to the making of many articles in the magazine and newspaper press at the time when the "fairy photographs" of Cottingley made so much stir. Sir Arthur sets down his story in the quiet, graphic fashion of the historian of a series of events which, as he says, represent "either the most elaborate and ingenious hoax ever played upon the public" or "an event in human history which may in the future prove to have been epoch-making." He tells how he learned from a friend that alleged photographs of fairies had been taken, and from that point, in the spirit of his famous detective, he took up the trail, examining clues and interrogating witnesses. The evidence afforded by the photographs themselves, and the history and character of the two young girls principally concerned, Elsie Wright and her cousin Frances Griffiths, were all carefully considered. It may be remembered that, according to the story, the fairies were photographed by Elsie Wright who, having seen them frequently in the valley near her father's house, borrowed a small camera and returned with some amazing photographs showing elves and gnomes sporting about herself and her cousin. The testimony of various persons who claim the power of seeing fairies is given in the book, which contains also a kind of natural history of the elfin people. A considerable part of the inquiry was carried on by Mr. Edward L. Gardner who, being a leading theosophist, is cited as an authority on the inner mysteries of Nature as represented in this case by the fays. Mr. Gardner claims that fairies are allied to the *lepidoptera* or butterfly genus, which sounds very scientific indeed, and perhaps a little disillusionising. But although giving the opinions of several persons of repute

* "The Coming of the Fairies." By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 12s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

who have no doubt whatever of the actual existence of the fairy folk, Sir Arthur contents himself with simply stating the case, being impartial enough to print a considerable amount of adverse criticism. He leaves the verdict to his readers, whose judgment will in some instances be assisted by a number of excellent illustrations, including the exquisite "fairy photographs."

It is no part of the reviewer's province to pronounce on the theory of fairies set forth in the book, but many of us will cherish the wish that the elfin lore may be found to embody not only poetic but also scientific truth. If the fairies correspond with their delightful photographs there should be nothing at all disenchanting about the reality. As it is, Sir Arthur's book is at least persuasive, and gives us some alluring glimpses of a realm that should have a fascination for all but the Gradgrinds and the Bounderbys.

DAVID GOW.

BEGINNINGS.*

Not all of these six books are the work of beginners, nor is there much to say about the beginnings of most of them, but although Joseph Hergesheimer has six novels to his account, this new book, "The Lay Anthony," reads as if it were his first attempt at fiction. It is a curiously unequal study of a technically virtuous young man, his virtue hinging always on accidental circumstance. Though not as good as his other books—oh! not by a long way—it has a magic. Anthony's love affair with Eliza is a lovely lyric, his different adventures are little cameos. The pity of it is that the central fact of Eliza's death without a word to her lover is unconvincing. Pneumonia is not an accident that crashes you suddenly into unconsciousness. However ill the girl might have been she would have let him know, have sent for him. She would have died carrying his protested love with her into the dark. But Mr. Hergesheimer, of all people next to Conrad the most emotional of our writers, knows this perfectly well. Why, then, unless it is an early effort, a first attempt, did he give his faithful admirers this unconvincing book?

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How difficult it is for a storyteller to begin a tale so as to catch the attention. In almost every book the first page is enough to make the reader pause and go no further. As an example of how not to begin a novel it would be well to take the opening of Lady Miles's "Ralph Carey":

> "The sun sent a long silver arrow through a chink in the curtain, and it entered the room where the boys slept and touched the adorable curl of Billy's hair. He lay on his back looking like an angel, with his bow lips of satiny pink, curved rose cheeks, and long fringed lashes. But it was not his prettiness that crowned him with angelic likeness; it was the pure expression"—

and so on and so forth. Could anything in the way of reading matter be more discouraging? Yet, once Lady Miles gets into her stride, she drops this sentimental footle and gives us some good characterisation, the thought behind which is intriguing. Ralph and Billy are the sons of a wealthy landowner. They are unequally loved by their parents. They pass through school and college and have various love affairs. The book—it is after all hardly a story so much as an interesting gossip about people, for it has no culmination and no plot—ends with Billy being killed at the war and Ralph leaving for France. You put it down feeling that here is a mind with which you are glad

* "The Lay Anthony." By Joseph Hergesheimer. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"The Breaking Point." By Mary R. Rinehart. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Ralph Carey." By Lady Miles. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Cuckoo's Nest." By C. Jope-Slade. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet.)—"The Grays." By Charlotte Bacon. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)—"The Law of the Male." By Pernette Gille. 6s. (Philpot.)

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to have come into contact and which on a holiday, because of its interest in the lights on surfaces, would be delightfully companionable.

"The Cuckoo's Nest," a first novel by Christine Jope-Slade, is the story of a head-waiter's family who, during his absence at Cannes opening a fresh branch of the restaurant he has made successful, accept the offer from a friend of a furnished house in London. Hitherto they have lived quietly at Margate, and the change results in many amusing adventures for the pretty daughter. She eventually marries the proprietor of some tea-shops, or rather his son, thus enabling the two fathers to go into partnership. It seems a pity to have made the waiter's wife and daughter quite so snobbish, but perhaps they would have been.

Very different from the brightness of "The Cuckoo's Nest" is "The Grays," by Charlotte Bacon. It is a well-named story, for it is dull from start to finish. A long book, it opens so well that you think, "Here is a novel that is going to compensate me for the bad artistry of the ordinary story," and in that expectation you turn page after page. Presently it will begin to be interesting—but it never does. Never for one moment do the "Grays" "come alive," never are they anything but dreary. Yet Charlotte Bacon is undeniably clever. Behind the dullness of her book lies ability. It is as if a curtain had been hung between an inner brilliance of footlights and the audience. In theatrical parlance she has not been able "to get across." However, it is a first novel and the mere writing of it may have taught the author the beginnings of creative wisdom.

The above five books are by English writers; but "The Law of the Male" is one of a series of translations from the French, edited by Alys Eyre Macklin and appropriately entitled "Fleurs de France." Several of these volumes consist of short stories and are interesting revelations of the condition of the French short story market. The book in question, however, is a fairly long novel. The plot is the same as that of a play at present being acted in London—"Secrets"—and it is pleasant to get this lucid, unsentimental version of it. "The Law of the Male" is based on the inordinate affection given by a childless woman to her husband who, finding it excessive, tires and strays. In the main "The Law of the Male" is a fine piece of work. The interest flags a little when we come to the second of Bertrand's love affairs, for we know what is going to happen too well to be held by the details. In fact the novel is a little too long, and was probably padded to meet a publisher's demand.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

THE VICTORY OF THE VANQUISHED.*

Romain Rolland belongs to eternity, whatever may happen to his books in the course of time: he will be ever a part of those who so also belong—by his life, if not by his writings. De Senancour, in the aftermath of the French Revolution, prayed that eternity might become his asylum; that was the inscription on his tomb. Rolland has no need for the epitaph; the eternal in time itself is his refuge. The present biography is the first serious attempt to present him at full length to English readers. The publishers tell us that its author, Stefan Zweig—an Austrian critic and dramatist—is one of Rolland's personal friends, that the translation is from the original manuscript and that the work is being published simultaneously in five languages. As a man of letters with a world-wide message Rolland came into the heritage of fulfilled renown on the threshold of the great war. It had been earned by critical, historical and biographical works, by dramas and above all by novels. Since his message was "eternal brotherhood" it will be understood that he was divided as are the poles asunder from any "gospel of hatred," except indeed hatred of the appeal to force. It was in this spirit that he met the event of the war, and it follows that certain "political studies" published between 1915 and 1920 left him standing alone, with two nations at least arrayed against him, repudiated on almost every side. But as it is said that he has emerged again into a world eager to hear him, after all the fever and madness, there is no need to dwell upon this occultation of five years and over. We have to remember rather that his plenary message is in the novel called "Jean Christophe," though it sounds in all his work—in the other stories, in the lives of Beethoven and Michael Angelo, in dramas like "Saint Louis" and "Danton."

Stefan Zweig is a zealous guide to the message in all its aspects, not alone by the path of those seventy pages which study and appraise "Jean Christophe," but especially as he passes from epoch to epoch of Rolland's literary life. The resulting portrait is that of an idealist—(1) whose gaze is "turned not towards the immediate future, but eternity"; (2) who has ever been the poet of the vanquished, consoler of the despairing, dauntless leader "towards that world where suffering is transmuted" and misfortune becomes a source of strength; (3) whose true world is that of the living spirit; (4) whose favourite type is the "vanquished victor"; (5) who is ever with those who voluntarily accept defeat; (6) who shows the meaning and grandeur of all sorrow; (7) whose creative activity was concentrated for twenty years upon the contradictions between spirit and force, freedom and fatherland, victory and defeat. Does it need to say that his call was "lost in the void" for many and long years, or that he wrote "in deliberate opposition to the dominant literary mode"? That he came to be heard, in fine, is perhaps the great miracle, as it is also a great promise and a great hope for such as are born in his likeness. To say this is not to endorse the message in all its aspects, as if there were but one side to the truth of life and its lessons, and no glory of overcoming except in the victory of the vanquished, or as if there were no true joy but that which comes out of sorrow. So also there is little question that war in itself is evil, and yet among things as they are it happens again and again that there is no alternative way, because of other and worse evils. But when we have learned to maintain the Christ-spirit even to the edge of battle there will be no more war in the world; we shall have found another road. And in that finding, though Rolland affirms otherwise, we shall learn, I think, that we do not ourselves build the City of God. It is built about us, within us, for it is eternally true that it comes down out of heaven to encompass us and the earth. We have built London and Berlin, Paris, Antwerp and New York; the *karma* of our work is with us. But the House not made with hands, the House of the Holy Spirit, the Church Invisible and the City which "lieth four-square," are the art of God, with us as the living stones.

The bibliography attached to this volume is itself a revelation, not only as to the extent of Rolland's creative output, but as to the languages into which he has been rendered and the volumes dedicated to his work. It may be added that between this country and America his best, and indeed practically everything, has been made available to English readers. "Jean Christophe" has been translated into nine languages.

A. E. WAITE.

* "Romain Rolland, the Man and His Work." By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 16s. (Allen & Unwin.)

POETS OF EARTH AND SKY.*

Two of the three volumes before us are first books, but their young authors have already attracted a considerable amount of attention by their contributions to periodicals. Mr. Branford is an ex-Flight-Lieutenant of the British Air Forces and, after being shot down over the North Sea during the war, was interned in Holland, undergoing many physical privations which have left their mark on

* "Titans and Gods." By F. V. Branford. 5s. net. (Christophers.)—"Real Property." By Harold Monro. 3s. (Poetry Bookshop.)—"Gipsy-Night, and other Poems." By Richard Hughes. With a lithograph portrait by Pamela Bianco. 4s. 6d. net. (Golden Cockerel Press.)

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—*The Times Literary Supplement*

BASIL BLACKWELL OXFORD

Autumn List post free on application

his work. Mr. E. B. Osborn, the literary editor of the *Morning Post*, was so impressed by the examples that appeared in *Voices* that he straightway named Mr. Branford for what he adroitly termed the "Blue Riband of the Air." The publication of "Titans and Gods" enables those who have been interested in Mr. Branford's development to estimate in bulk a contribution to contemporary poetry so highly esteemed.

It is a long time since the tree of English poetry has put forward such a tremendous branch as "Titans and Gods" represents. There is something of Miltonic grandeur about Mr. Branford's confidence and eager faith, even when his expression is at its slightest, technically speaking, as in "The Cockney's Dream":

"He heard a voice storm up the falls of song,
A vision flowed across his soul's dark blind.

"He saw huge serpents hurrying along,
And a great lion raving in the wind.

"On shattered, red, tremendous feet the grim
Ghast ghost of London gaped—and gripped at him."

Nor is he any less a modernist for basing his methods on the rock of the classicists. The desolation of Flanders is portrayed in a word-etching whose acid has already scorched the hearts of his contemporaries:

"Two broken trees possess the plain,
Two broken trees remain.
Miracles of steel and stone
That might astound the sun are gone.
Two broken trees remain."

But it is "out of a wandering heart on windy ways" that the majority of these poems have emerged. The "three stark souls" of Mr. Branford's saga are Earth, Air, Ocean, and their broken music is splendidly caught in "The Hawk," "The Midnight Patrol" and "Night at Scheveningen." "On Hearing the Fog-Horns of a Warship" holds an emotional secret that only the watchers on sea and shore will be able to read properly, and they must surely acclaim this superbly rhythmical expression of it. "The Dæmon," the largest piece in the volume, will rank with Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" among the major poems of mysticism—that is, when readers shall have accustomed their ears to its stark simplicities and the infinite suggestiveness of its homely vocabulary and symbolism. "Farewell to Mathematics" is a shorter and rather more solidly phrased outpouring of ecstasy over the dim boundary

"Where square and circle coincide
And the parallels collide
And perfect pyramids flower."

Such work as this volume contains will likely enough be pronounced crude and strained by the conventional student. But there is genuine and satisfying beauty in any single passage, for Mr. Branford has the Keatsian gift of it. Apart from the main development which is sure to take place in his powerful mind, at present a magnificent riot of classicism, philosophy and pure lyricism (the latter quality perfectly manifested in "Any Daisy"), this gift of hammer-like yet exquisitely delicate phrasing will carry Mr. Branford to uncommonly high achievement.

Mr. Harold Monro's philosophy, which is of earth rather than of air or ocean, has long since had time to mature, and its present stage might well be gathered from the title of his new book without touching these score of skilful and well-varied verses. His obscurities are not, like Mr. Branford's, the consequence of inner riot; they are inevitable for one whose wandering paradise is always so sure in its culmination as his; a poet is inclined to be a little over-confident when he recognises his heavenly goal in "the shadow of a cottage door." But once we are over the threshold we are surrounded by a number of delectable things that Mr. Monro is an adept at describing. How well he introduces us to the most delectable of them all:

"O little friend, your nose is ready: you sniff,
Asking for that expected walk,
(Your nostrils full of the happy rabbit-whiff),
And almost talk. . . .
We are going *Out*. You know the pitch of the word. . . ."

Very much at home among gipsies and quaint old men and quainter children Mr. Richard Hughes makes us in "Gipsy Night, and other Poems." Mr. Hughes is an Oxford undergraduate, whose one-act play, "The Sisters' Tragedy," was included in the last of the Grand Guignol programmes at the Little Theatre. He sings with a droll charm of the pity we have for Gipsy Sally's girls when the rain is beating down; but when the nights are fine:

"Would you not go foot it with Sarah's Girls
In and out the trees?
Or listen across the fire
To old Tinker-Johnnie, and Martha his Rawnee,
In jagged Wales, or in orchard Worcestershire?"

In "The Song of the Consistent Reprobate" Mr. Hughes scores heavily:

"If my lady goes to heaven
(Where all lovely ladies go),
To the harps and zither-playing
And the psalms I do not know,
I must leave my whisky-drinking,
All the vain world's jolly show;
If my lady goes to heaven,
Where my lady leads, I go!"

Another lyric or two like that (with its mischievous fear lest in the end it is to heaven that he will be obliged to go!) and Mr. Hughes will have convinced a too-sophisticated world that the Elizabethan spirit is worth recovering, if only that our modernity may be drowned in the golden noise of lilt and catch for an uproarious half-hour.

THOMAS MOULT.

VILLAGE DRAMA.

Future historians of the stage will find the war period a convenient date to mark the decease of drama in those small towns which were the training ground of the professional actor in the last century, but now fail to support him. Local managers blame the cinema or the incompetence of their touring brethren. The latter blame the local managers' lack of initiative or the cinema again. Actors blame all three; they complain also of the New Landlady, and prefer even the mute inglorious trade of understudy in London to the blind alleys and hardships of the provincial tour. Each section has its wail; and the ship goes on sinking. Yet there are rafts in sight, for the drama if not for the professional actor. Here and there it almost looks as if the provincial drama were going back to its origins, when plays were staged intermittently by the trained amateurs of local guilds. Up and down the country-side small villages have begun to discover the drama as a brand-new art. The Arts League of Service (which gave a London *matinée* the other day) has just returned from a tour of twenty-one Lakeland villages, many of whose inhabitants have seen no plays but theirs. More significant, because more racy of the soil, are the local enterprises of which one hears from time to time—the Alvechurch Village Players in Warwickshire and Mr. Masefield's band of enthusiasts on Boar's Hill, to name only two. The Alvechurch men do Shakespeare—or did when I knew them; Mr. Masefield's do Shakespeare and Jonson; have they yet done "Nan"? I ask because hitherto the prime need of such community-players has been a supply of good genuine folk-drama—plays of their own place and people—in which they can appear without staginess, each in his habit as he lives, as to the manner born. This need is both recognised and met by the present volume.*

It should act better than it reads, especially if cast from real life as the author suggests. In print its dramatic edge is dulled; its notes and stage directions are too copious, however socially interesting; and monologues lurk between its plays to ensnare the unwary reader. For the plays themselves, Mr. Gilbert has clearly studied his

* "King Lear at Hordle, and Other Rural Plays." By Bernard Gilbert. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

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folk-dramatists to some purpose. He admires Synge; but Synge is too individualistic, too much the consciously creative artist, to be quite the model he needs. He feels this instinctively, no doubt; for although his three-act "King Lear at Hordle" has some Synge touches, in "Eldorado" he slips easily into the Lady Gregory vein—a manner more congenial, one would judge, to himself, and certainly more suited to his purpose, which is to furnish his own village players with plays they can do without undue "acting." "King Lear," with its unexpectedly good last act, is the best play in the book. "Eldorado" runs it close, and on its smaller scale should be more effective in action; it stands out among the five one-acters by its inevitable simplicity and its good, workmanlike use of rather limited material. The others are less successful. "Gone for Good" is a Chaucerian jest without Chaucer's subtlety. "To Arms!" and "The Hordle Poacher" are rather stagey and obvious. The same adjectives apply to "The Old Bull," a much more interesting play; the author says it was his first, and one would imagine that he wrote it soon after discovering "The Cherry Orchard"; it has Tchekov's underlying melancholy, and at least one character such as the Russian loved. It fails through its attempt to combine this spirit with the machine-made "incident-plot" of a different school. To a certain extent a play can dispense with character subtlety and rely on incident; or it can have the slightest of plots—a mere frame—on which to work the tapestry of character. (Tchekov's full-length play has less incident-plot than Mr. Gilbert's sketch.) But it cannot dispense with both, nor can it easily combine them. Mr. Gilbert's characters are but sketches—sketched truly, but with no particular subtlety; and yet his incident-plot is thin. Thus the play falls between two stools. For all that it is the most interesting of the collection.

E. GRAHAM SUTTON.

KEIR HARDIE.*

Keir Hardie's life is a story of tireless endeavour, of continual fighting against odds—not for any personal glorification, but for the common good, for the emancipation of the working-class, for justice to the poor and the children of the poor. No one can read Mr. Stewart's biography and remain unmoved; he reveals Keir Hardie, through intimate sketches, sometimes through the Labour leader's own words, as politician, agitator, journalist, pioneer in the Labour Party, and withal something of a philosopher, something of a poet—not that he wrote poetry, but that he lived it. The poverty of his youth, which would have embittered a cruder nature, fired in him the ideal of freedom and social equality. He commenced work at the age of seven; at nine he was earning four and sixpence a week as a baker's message boy. In this capacity he suffered an experience that doubtless laid the foundation of his hatred for tyranny and, says Mr. Stewart, explained "the ready sympathy for desolate children characteristic of the man in after years." His father had been rendered unemployed by a lock-out on the Clyde; the union funds were exhausted and Keir's small earnings the only income. A younger brother was ill, and the outlook very black. One winter morning he turned up late at the baker's shop and had to go upstairs to see the master. He was kept waiting outside the door of the dining-room while the master said grace, for the family were at breakfast. On being admitted, he found the baker serving out bacon and his wife pouring out coffee. He had never before seen such a beautiful room, nor such a table loaded with food and beautiful things. The master gave him a lecture on slothfulness and threatened to dismiss him if he were late again.

"The injustice of the thing was burning hot within me," said Hardie, telling the story himself; "all the more that I could not explain why I was late. The fact was I had not yet tasted food. I had been up most of the night tending my ailing brother, and had risen betimes in the morning, but had been made late by assisting my mother in various ways before starting. The work itself was heavy and lasted from seven in the morning till closing time."

A few days after he was late again for similar reasons, and was dismissed, and his fortnight's wages forfeited by way of punishment. In desperation he wandered about the streets, contemplated suicide, and finally returned to the shop to beg for his money. But the wages were never paid. The master, however, "continued to be a pillar of the church and a leading light in the religious life of the city." It is not surprising that a man of Hardie's spirit and intellect, too familiar with want and hardship, should seek some way of easing the conditions of the class to which he belonged. His gradual transition from Liberalism to Labour, from Labour to Socialism, is traced in these pages that build up again for us a personality the movement he loved could ill afford to lose. An admirable introduction is contributed by his co-worker, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald. The book is valuable as a testimony to a great memory—as an inspiration to the men and women who are fighting in the same movement to-day. It is said that the war killed Keir Hardie. He saw all he had been working for, striving for, shattered by the European upheaval, and could not survive the blow. The man passes, but his influence remains, and he will be remembered so long as justice and freedom continue to be things worth fighting for, and worth winning.

* "J. Keir Hardie." A Biography by William Stewart. 15s. net. (Cassell.)

HEARTS FOR THE STAGE.*

The world revolves complexly, so there is excuse for people being giddy in it, and yet—praise be to *Homo sapiens*!—high thinking is coherent as well as sometimes popular.

In the two volumes under consideration the high thinkers have noble and serious drama brought to their libraries or wherever it is comfortable to read, and it is pleasing to state that, whatever their acting possibilities (tested in Mr. Masefield's case), both dramatic achievements are quite as readable as the average successful novel. The limits of the drama as an art form are obvious, but the artistic economy which it demands to-day is a great aid to its readability unless peradventure the dramatist, being overcome by the poetic Muse, mistake dialogue for an antiphony of monologues.

Mr. Laurence Housman has certainly shown valorous industry in the attempt to relate the life of St. Francis of Assisi in a series of eighteen plays embellished by lyrics. St. Francis, however, is by grace of legend one of the most charming—perhaps the most charming—saint in the calendar. If it be permissible in the interest of public peace to define a socialist as one who is sociable, we might describe the Saint who (according to Mr. Housman's presentation of him) included among his brothers and sisters fire, wood, bread, and even his prison wall, as a pan-socialist. True, the humour and tact of St. Francis are compatible with a terrifying missionary zeal, and a good deal of spirituality is needed to dominate even by the approval of one's altruism the braying of "Brother Ass" (the body) at the discipline which the Saint prescribes for it. But Mr. Housman, being both poet and humorist, knows how to make an artistic pleasaunce out of even the Lazaretto, and one is often artistically elated during the perusal of his plays. They exhibit a very pretty sense of form and a remarkable power of characterisation. The Saint was a nimble young man in a gay world before he became a friar, and his courageous feet dared to rove among lepers, bandits and Saracens; but Mr. Housman finds appropriate language for all his many characters, of whom Brother Juniper, the delightful simpleton of the Franciscan Order, is an outstanding success. The fondness for malicious humour has not yet

* "Little Plays of St. Francis." With a Preface by H. Granville Barker. 10s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"Berenice." Translated from the French of Jean Racine by John Masefield. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

died in the human race: Owlglass and the traditional Punch still require an antidote in a character like Brother Juniper—a character whose folly sweetens our laughter with the suavity of its celestial innocence.

The dramatisation of charity in its most exalted form is necessarily difficult to harmonise with common demands for exhilaration and amusement; but Mr. Housman has a power of attaining climaxes which nobly excites his reader; and if by amusement we mean the suspension of private musing by the enticement of art, he amuses occasionally as successfully as any literary butterfly.

I have already asserted the readability of Mr. Masefield's adaptation of Racine's "Berenice," but he takes more liberty with the original than is justifiable. The substitution of blank verse for couplets facilitated the task of conveying the author's characteristic grace—a grace antipathetic to conventional realism but worth preserving if one still cares to hear what pleased Le Roi Soleil. But Mr. Masefield is strangely determined to improve. Where Racine makes a lover say: "J'espérai de verser mon sang après mes larmes," Mr. Masefield paraphrases, "Hoping to die."

Admitting that compression was necessary for successful representation on the modern stage, a critic may well pause here to consider what it is that a translator should wish to do. The raw materials for "Berenice" are in Suetonius. There was no paramount reason why Mr. Masefield should have taken them across Racine's closed inkstand. But if Racine of France is to be genuinely Racine of England we must have his characteristic elegance even if it seems like gilded oats. It would have done Mr. Masefield no harm to have read O. Henry's "The Proof of the Pudding" before translating "Berenice." For in that story he would have seen how one of the greatest masters of verbal expression—a man whose dialogue is seasoned by colloquial spices which would have delighted Shakespeare—acknowledges by implication that no one can certainly decide what is natural or unnatural for an educated person to say in a crisis of emotion.

The humiliation of a beautiful queen and the obligation of an emperor to wrench himself apart from his beloved in deference to the national will constitute a theme worthy of a celebrated poet, and Mr. Masefield brings its anguish into the reader's consciousness skilfully enough to reflect praise on Racine from those unfamiliar with the French dramatist. If, to use an expression of Mr. Granville Barker, we regard a "classical" author's appearance on the stage as his release from "his printed and annotated prison," Mr. Masefield may be complimented on having done a little already towards liberating the art of a famous writer. Let us hope that the endowed theatre will soon come into being and relieve dramatists from that over-anxiety about receipts which tends not only to frivolise art (if I may venture to coin a verb), but to tempt able artists to deal ungraciously by the leisurely work of centuries ago.

W. H. CHESSON.

TWO AND TWO.*

When the editor told me that he had sent me four *humorous* books to review I thanked him politely (one does not say rude things to editors) and calculated the distance to the nearest brandy. I began by reading "The Seaside Guyed," by Thomas Jay. I wish I had not. It is one of those frightfully "funny" works that command you to laugh; and lest you should miss a point, the author carefully explains his jests and accents them by means of drawings, typographical guidances and the like.

Then I turned to "Come Day, Go Day," by John L. Carter. The publisher was kind enough to send with the book a biographical note in which it is stated that Mr.

* "The Seaside Guyed." By Thomas Jay. 3s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Come Day, Go Day." By John L. Carter. 7s. (John Long.)—"And the Next." By R. S. Hooper. 6s. (John Lane.)—"Of All Things." By Robert C. Benchley. 6s. (John Lane.)

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XUM

Carter was a partner in a large Midlands firm when he wrote his first article. I feel sure that Mr. Carter was an excellent partner if he showed the same attention to detail that he exhibits in the book under notice. As I read on I was vaguely conscious of some mental connection with Shakespeare; not on account of the style of Mr. Carter's writing, but—it came to me suddenly—as a memory of the title of one of his plays. It was "Much Ado About Nothing." I have conscientiously endeavoured to discover why the book is described as humorous; it appears to me to be a pleasant tale about a man who fell in love with a pretty girl whose father was in the clutches of a business rival—the latter conceiving the original idea of taking the daughter in part payment of debt. There is also a Yorkshire uncle of the low comedy type. Mr. Carter relates at great length divers matters of such thrilling interest as the uncle's passion for cheese *soufflé*; when he remembers the main theme of the story—which he does fairly often—he is mildly interesting.

I was feeling rather low when I picked up "*And* the Next," by R. S. Hooper ("Simple Simon" of *Eve*). It is pure joy! The author has a perfectly delightful touch in everything he writes. I don't know what I liked best; I only know that I rose up and called the editor blessed for sending me the book. If I were frightfully rich, rich enough to take taxicabs and not look at the meter, rich enough to patronise Henry Ford, I would buy Mr. Hooper and put him in a specially constructed pavilion in the grounds of my best palace, and whenever I felt depressed I would fetch him out and say, "Lo! I am aweary and my soul is sad; as for my harp, I have jumped on the beastly thing. Amuse me." And he would straightway cause my ribs to adhere to my sides and my laughter would burst the buttons off my robe of silk.

Why does not Fortune distribute her favours more carefully? Instead of saving it up for the lean years she sends me (disguised always as the aforesaid editor) a fourth gem, from the other side of the Atlantic this time. The title of the book is "Of All Things" and the author is Mr. Robert C. Benchley. There is an introduction by Mr. Stephen Leacock, presumably because that gentleman is admittedly a humorist, but Mr. Benchley will need no literary fathering. He is himself a humorist. Of course some of his jests are in a vein more particularly amusing to his compatriots, but he eschews extravagant slang, writes in very pleasant and often delightfully quaint English, and it is unnecessary to understand the American language to enjoy his book. It is excellent fooling, but one has always a shrewd suspicion that the author has a pretty hard punch lurking behind his humour.

F. D. G.

Novel Notes.

A LOVER AT FORTY. By Gerald Cumberland. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

One paper, reviewing a previous book by Mr. Gerald Cumberland, expressed the hope that he would stick to short stories, and not be drawn into writing long novels. Reverse the terms of that phrase, and you have the hope of the present reviewer. It will be all to the good of the art of fiction if Mr. Cumberland pursues it along the lines indicated by this extraordinarily clever book, which, although a trifle exotic, a book to read amid cushions and cigar-smoke and lamp-light and not on a heathery moorland, is an acute and at moments pitiless study of feminine human nature—or inhuman nature. For Mrs. Colefax, the mother of the bewildering Avril whose fortunes in love we follow, is a vampire-soul, outwardly social and beautiful, inwardly defiled and defiling; so finely is she described and analysed that even to read about her makes one shrink. A sophisticated book; sometimes too outspoken for not a few readers; having wonderfully commanded skill of dialogue; and almost uncannily penetrating—such is a broad sketch of it. With his men the author does not "get across the footlights" quite so surely; Basil Trent is a monster of restraint, considering his private knowledge of Avril's misery and her unawareness of his knowledge; there are signs of laboured drawing here. But the women are triumphs, even when they are failures, and in one of the men—Paul Mordurant, the young composer and musician—the author triumphs with them.

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Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith. **Mr. John Hastings Turner.**

in love again with his own wife as she was when he had first loved her, and the domestic tragedies that had been threatening pass and the passion of their youth is miraculously renewed. A delightful and at more than one stage subtly poignant love romance ripens and grows to a strangely happy ending between Cutman's staid son and Margett's candid, independent, up-to-date daughter; and with all these threads and the philosophisings of a quaint old fisherman Mr. Turner weaves a story that mingles a vein of high comedy with threads of profoundly human significance. It has imagination and humour, and a freshness of idea and treatment that are doubly welcome in these days when so many novels are so much alike.

THE AMATEUR ARCHANGEL. By T. C. Crawford. 5s. (Blackwell, Oxford.)

The introduction of the supernatural into any story dealing with earthly events can only be done at the risk of failure to convince the reader. The "properties" of M. Colomb, the archangel of this book—a glowing globe of light that emits a humming sound, and a sheet of black glass upon which scenes of the war become visible as they happen, and messages appear in writing—merely detract from the interest of a story which seems to be entangled hopelessly with philosophic utterances, and to have behind it some desire for the general betterment of humanity. A good many pages are concerned with the analysis of present conditions; some of these are brilliant, all are worth reading. "The average man," says one of the mysterious characters, "is a pack-horse, who carries so patiently all the loads of various kinds that he has taken on that he has no time to kick off the harness and receive the education necessary to enjoy real freedom. He becomes in domesticity a subdued animal. Adventure is not for him. When he does break away, he is so clumsy about it that he invites scandal, and, under the fear of it, goes back, when permitted, to his pack-horse round." These and other debatable assertions brighten a book which is ingenious, but hardly convincing. It has a hitherto unpublished poem by the late C. Lovat Fraser, the author's son-in-law, which is a pure delight.

THE ASHES OF ACHIEVEMENT. By Frank A. Russell. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The road from Deniliquin glimmers, grey and uninviting, across a changeless expanse of browned grass, like a soiled ribbon on a drab's hair." So this novel begins. We get something about drabs before we are done, but the scene shifts from Australia to America and back again, and there is an attractive mixture of grey tones and glimmering sparkle. The publisher has again discovered a first novel of promise. Mr. Russell tells his story briskly, and it has the real merit of freshness. It is a blessing to get an Australian novel which is not in the bush. Here we are introduced to college life in Melbourne, then to theatrical life, for the hero becomes an actor and a playwright. He does not join up during the war, being too occupied with his plays in America. But Peter, the humble friend, does, and in the end he marries Margaret, the hero's widow. Like many budding novelists, Mr. Russell puts too much into his book and leaves some characters undeveloped. But there is no doubt whatever about the power and grip of the story, either in handling Australian life or in depicting New York theatrical intrigues.

MANY WATERS. By M. E. Francis. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

A very simple tale, the scenes of which are laid in a lovely, remote spot in Wales. Even Griffiths, the miller, who is the hero, is a gloomy soul, living without the society of women, with his young cousin Rhys. Into the daily existence of these two comes the bright presence of happy Nest Pennant. She soon charms young Rhys. Also she exerts a powerful spell over Evan, and up on the mountain-side she encourages this strange, sad man to sing to her. So wonderful is his voice that she persuades him to enter for the competition at the Eisteddfod. Rhys proposes to Nest. She does not tell him about her stolen meetings with Evan, who by now is passionately in love with her. When Evan knows that Rhys is the favoured suitor he commits suicide. Nest, as the wife of Rhys, is obsessed with horror by her new home, where everything reminds her of Evan. Mrs. Francis paints with great skill the nervous feelings of the young girl, her desperate longing to be out of the sound of many waters, her husband's bewilderment. There is a happy and satisfactory end, full explanation and the prospect of life in America, far from bitter memories.

A PUBLIC SCANDAL, AND OTHER STORIES. By George A. Birmingham. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

The initials "G. A. B." ought to be as familiar as "G. K. C." or "G. B. S." in the alphabet of writers; but they have not yet become quite as definitely recognised by the public. This book of short stories should add to the repute—already high—of the author of "Spanish Gold" and other treasurable volumes. It contains some gems of humour and description equal to anything he has previously done. In nine or ten pages "G. A. B." can introduce us to a set of characters, let us into their secrets, make us feel that we know them quite well, and round off his tiny plot with the greatest felicity. This is an art; apparently easy, in reality achieved by few. For the latest collection from this gifted exponent of the short story we are sincerely grateful.

DUST. By Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius. 7s. 6d. (Melrose.)

"A sudden breeze caught up some of the dust and, whirling it around, let it fall. 'Martin's life,' thought Rose; 'it was like a handful of dust thrown into God's face and blown back again by the wind to the ground.'" These, the last words of this remarkable book, summarise its story. It is not a happy book nor an amusing book, in the ordinary sense of the word, though it is not without flashes of a grim humour. But it is a book worth the attention of anyone who likes to penetrate a little below the surface of things, who is content to spare an hour or so

to the consideration of other matters than the cinema, the theatre, food and the two-thirty race. Martin Wade was brought up hard in a hard land, and perhaps it was only natural that he should see only the hard, material aspect of everything. So when he married Rose Conroy he gave her a fine, well-found farm and a husband with a warm bank account, but—no love. He did not understand love, it appeared to him an annoying word which stood for unmeaning caresses, whims and an interruption of that well-ordered routine of cow-milking and crop-gathering which was the result of hard mental and physical effort. Then—well, one cannot bear to spoil the story by over many words; read it and see how things worked out; your time will not be wasted. The authors are to be congratulated on having the courage to tell a sad story bravely and without succumbing to the temptation to "make it end happily." Yet it is not a depressing book in the morbid sense; indeed it leaves one with a curious feeling of exaltation.

THE VAN ROON. By J. C. Snaith. 7s. 6d. (Appleton.)

Mr. Snaith in playful and amusing mood. To the old curiosity shop kept by the ancient miser, Gedge, comes practical country June, his niece. Gedge and his boy William run the shop; William is a wonderful assistant, with a *flair* for picking up valuable things for nothing. Shortly after June arrives, William, who is a divinely gentle and credulous being, in spite of his cleverness about things artistic, brings in a small picture which he has picked up for five shillings at Crowdham market. Interest centres round this apparently worthless thing; as it is cleaned, it reveals an increasing beauty, and finally is proved to be a genuine Van Roon, worth thousands of pounds. Then of course everybody wants to possess it. Gedge himself makes various cunning attempts, and William's faith and love for his old master take a deal of shaking. June falls in love with William, and also, at one time, gets hold of the picture. Very delicately does Mr. Snaith paint the love between the couple, the dreamy, beauty-loving boy, the strenuous, matter-of-fact girl. A pretty piece of work, conceived in no spirit of sombreness.

The Bookman's Table.

THE FAIRY DOLL. By Netta Syrett. 3s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)

There are five little plays in this book; each one, with its neatly-turned plot and lively dialogue, should prove irresistibly attractive to children who are looking for "something to act." The plays evince imagination and sympathy, and a good sense of fun, and there are characters to suit all tastes—dolls, and fairies, kings and queens, shepherd boys, princesses, and ordinary, everyday little boys and girls. Miss Syrett knows exactly what children want, and she gives it to them. The plays should prove fairly simple to produce, the scenes chosen being in the nature of a Nursery, a Schoolroom, "The drawing-room in the Doll's House," and so on. There is a pretty pastoral play with the scene "Part of the Palace Garden," in which the character of the fascinatingly wilful Princess Rosalys will undoubtedly make its appeal to all youthful actresses who read the play. There are very few writers of modern plays suitable for children to perform; Miss Syrett's "Fairy Doll," together with her former books of children's plays, fill a want; and those who have anything to do with the organising of children's entertainments will be grateful to Miss Syrett for producing just what they need.

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PEARLS AND POMEGRANATES. By Dorian Hope. 9s. (Putnams).

Here are Pearls and Pomegranates, the latter I think more frequent than the former, yet there is much worth and even excellence in the book's pages. A great deal is undoubtedly minor verse such as every poet must produce some time or other. The evil is that some never write anything else, but of this Dorian Hope is not guilty, for his book is full of touches that reveal beauty and grace. Such lines as

"We may not apprehend love's mystery"

have a way of piercing by their brevity and insight to the very heart of a situation and even of a stubborn critic. When Dorian Hope is original he is at his best; sometimes he forgets this. One poem particularly—it is called "The Prayer"—we could have wished had not been so flagrant an imitation of Yeats's "The Cloths of Heaven." It is not even a good imitation. Far better is "Poverty," an excellent garden suburb poem with no pretence about it:

"Sometimes I dream of lovely things that I should like to wear
Walking down the Avenue with April in the air."

There is undoubtedly promise in this writer.

GROUP TESTS OF INTELLIGENCE. By Philip Boswood Ballard, M.A., D.Litt. 6s. net. (University of London Press.)

Dr. Ballard is one of our most attractive writers on education. He combines enthusiasm with humour, qualities that rarely run in couples. His gifts are shown to special advantage in this volume dealing with the now very popular science of educational statistics. Into the value of mental tests as tests we need not go; but we should like to assure teachers that some of the tests provide admirable material for teaching. Precision of language, a sense of values, an idea of proportion, are among the desirable (and rarely found) attainments that can be practically cultivated by a use of some of the examples quoted. The teacher of English especially will find capital suggestions here for brightening a subject in which the lessons languish too often through lack of inventiveness in the teacher. But the whole book is fascinating—almost more fascinating than it should be!

BETWEEN SUN AND MOON. Poems and Woodcuts by Cecil French. 3s. 6d. (London: The Favil Press.)

Mr. Cecil French's woodcuts are admirably done but a little conventional; they are so like so many other woodcuts; but his poems have an individual note. The charm of his lyrics is their simplicity. Such as "Hidden Sorrow," "The Offering," "The Peacemaker"—and one could name others—are as natural in feeling as they are beautifully simple in utterance. One stresses this latter virtue because it is not too common in recent verse. We warmly recommend Mr. French's work to all who find pleasure in poetry.

CARDINALLA: THE STORY OF THE RED WOMAN OF MAREMMA. By William Shepperley. 2s. (The Bowyer Press.)

We should imagine that Mr. Shepperley is one of those poets who write chiefly for their own pleasure and are at no particular pains to secure the suffrage of the general reader. Of the three other books of his that are mentioned at the end of this little volume, only one has come the way of this reviewer—"The Priestess of Ida," which was published a few years ago and remains in his memory as the work of an authentic poet. "Cardinalla" is a story of peasant life in Tuscany and of life among the dissolute priesthood of Rome in the day of the Borgian Pope, Alexander VI. Whether Mr. Shepperley has chosen the best way of telling it may be open to question. He takes a present-day traveller to a haunted inn at Maremma, where he is visited by the spirit of the much-wronged Cardinalla, who unfolds to him her own strange, tragic story. It might have lent an air of stronger realism to it all if that preluding night at the inn and the supernatural visitor had been dispensed with, and the tale set down (as it is throughout Part III) in plain, straightforward fashion. Others may think otherwise; and that personal objection apart, one has nothing but praise for the metrical and rhythmical skill, the simple directness and dramatic intensity with which the poignant experiences of Cardinalla are related. There are no purple passages, little attempt at jewelled phrasing; the story's the thing; and it is an interesting story clothed in language that is always picturesque, vivid, forceful. "Cardinalla" is a narrative poem of very considerable power, both as narrative and as poem.

MONEY AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE AFTER 1914. By Gustave Cassel. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)

Mr. Gustave Cassel tells us in his preface that in this volume he has expanded, for the general reader, memoranda which he wrote originally for the financial experts of the League of Nations. It is therefore necessary to review it from the standpoint of the normal man. One hopes the common person of the proverbial street will read it; and he will enjoy it, for it is much more exciting than a chess problem or auction bridge. But probably the chief impression taken away by the reader will not be the one Mr. Cassel desires. This able book will be most useful if it convinced the ordinary man that the banking experts live in a technical world of their own, which is as remote from real life as the poles are from the equator. For example Mr. Cassel, writing on the necessity for restraint in national expenditure, uses these approving words: "England gradually managed to cut down very considerably the building programme, which far exceeded the country's financial powers." That is how it appears to the financier, who thinks in terms of coins and cheques and treasury bills. But the common man, knowing that there is endless building material at hand, and endless unemployed men to use it, and ample acres on which to build it into houses, will come to the common-sense conclusion that the banking expert is talking nonsense, when he suggests that it is better to waste money on unemployment doles than in building homes. Mr. Cassel's really interesting volume will do good if it convinces its readers that the problems of exchange and monetary crises cannot be solved in terms of finance, but must be stated in realist terms of goods—and human beings. Some of us are beginning to suspect that there would not have been any war if it had not been for the meddling of international financiers and their expert bankers.

ARE WOMEN MONKEY-MINDED? By Florence Daniel. 2s. 6d. net. (Daniel.)

These two addresses, delivered by invitation to the London Branch of the Women's Freedom League, are full of controversial matter and will open up new trains of thought to those interested in the subject of woman's mentality as compared with man's; and, since such a subject is of vital importance to both men and women, Mrs. Daniel's book deserves to be widely read. It is written in a bright, attractive style, with many references to the works of Mary Everest Boole, and many provocative arguments. The author contends that all normal women have potential genius, and all normal men potential talent. The present system of education, she says, is unsuited to women, being devised by men for men. "Woman took it ready made because there was nothing else for her to take. But every woman knows that knowledge is not synonymous with wisdom, nor a certificate of proficiency a guarantee that the holder can do the work required." When Mrs. Daniel has stated her case, fairly and concisely, she goes on to state her remedy. Some readers will disagree with her and think the division she draws between men and women too drastic, yet even her opponents will allow that her treatise, though brief, is a valuable contribution to a very wide and little understood problem.

XUM

Music.

AMONG THE STARS.*

BY J. P. COLLINS.

MUSIC, being an echo of life, resembles life in this—that it gives back with interest whatever you put into it. This should be remembered whenever, as is often the case, the artistic temperament is interpreted all one way. More than any of his confreres perhaps, the musician is commonly regarded as the creature of irresponsible eccentricities with a bias on the side of gloom. We brood with Beethoven far oftener than we frolic with Mozart because the heavier mood flatters our egotism and makes less demand upon will-power and self-control. Yet every master who has had charge of an orchestra or a choir is well aware how much it means to be able to lighten the labours of rehearsal with a bit of banter or a timely jest; perhaps—who knows?—even the great Dr. Richter gained more than he knew from those execrable lapses of his into broken English. But even Richter's onslaughts on our language were no fiercer than some of Mancinelli's recorded in this delightful book. On one occasion he burst out at an argumentative fiddler: "Don't shpoke. If you no like, you went!"

Photo by Swain. **Sir Landon Ronald.**

Something was said in these columns of late about the meteoric rise of Sir Landon Ronald to the heights of his great calling, and it would not have been a fitting tribute if it had not said something about the flexibility, the natural gaiety, and the sparkle of his mind. They show themselves from the first chapter of memories where he gives us a glimpse of his prodigy days and shows how the child was father of the man. He has been busy with eclipses ever since, and a denizen amongst the stars. Fortunately he has never lost one happy heritage, his sense of humour, and it yields a fund of stories which leaven this book with hearty laughter. He answers to that severest of tests, readiness to tell a story at his own expense. One of the best stories in the book, however, is of a non-musician, the late Sir Herbert Tree. He was disconcerted by the effusiveness with which Grassi, the Sicilian tragedian, insisted on embracing everybody at a function given in his honour. When it came to calling a cab, it turned out that Grassi's London address was the shop of an ice-cream merchant, a friend of his youth:

After some hesitation Grassi replied: "If you pliece, ask him to take me Garrrrick Teatro." Tree, addressing

* "Variations on a Personal Theme." By Sir Landon Ronald. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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the cabman, said: "Take this gentleman to the Garrick Theatre." The cabman looked down scornfully and asked: "What the blankety-blank does 'e want to go to the Garrick Feater for at this time o' night?" "I don't know," was Tree's quick rejoinder, "but I should think he had forgotten to kiss the fireman."

But this kind of narrative is only the embroidery for a gallery of character-study, and Sir Landon has the happy knack of giving us the essence of the many gifted people he has known. We see Patti conquered by the gramophone, and listening to her own first record in an artless ecstasy over a voice she had never really heard before. We find Melba calmly rebuking the author before a hall-full of people for starting on a key which did not suit her, and laughing with the audience at her own *naïveté*. But this self-possession deserted her when she went to the Guildhall School to deliver a short lecture she had rehearsed with care and confidence, and Sir Landon had to step into the breach and read it off instead.

Glimpses like these are inestimably welcome in connection with public favourites we have all admired, and Sir Landon does not disguise the fact that his vocation has compensations besides mere fame and prosperity. But he also shows that success is not attained without strict application and hard work, backed by brains and individuality kept well under command. His concluding chapters should be of value to beginners because he strips away many illusions and affords them hints which are the cream of special experience. He speaks generously of brother conductors and the composers with whom he has been brought in contact. He writes appreciatively of the critics, but says a wise thing when he warns them and their victims not to fraternise any more than they can help. Above all, he holds the balance fairly between the new tendencies and the fashions that are passing, and he quotes with enthusiasm this dictum of a colleague:

"It is fine to live in the spring of modernity, but the leaves are ripening for the fall, and next year there will be another spring."

In taking leave of a most diverting book, it is impossible not to applaud its breadth and wisdom. But it is also impossible not to catch at a hint towards the end. There is more wisdom where this comes from, and we heartily cry "Encore."

STIMULANTS AND SEDATIVES.*

Modern solo songs, roughly speaking, fall naturally and automatically into two classes. Those which startle the conventional ear—which wake the conservative mind, as it were with an alarm-bell of heterodoxy—achieving strange new effects by daring pioneer methods: and those which soothe by dint of sheer reiteration, recapitulating the old familiar material, the sentiments which never fail to please. For the most part, these latter are akin to fruit syrups and *eaux sucrées*, which cannot strictly be termed sedatives. But by comparison with the vehemently stimulant nature of more modern works, they are positively narcotic!

The best all-round song on our list, to my belief—the most melodious, most uncommon, and most courageous in the choice of words—is Ivor Atkins' treatment of Mrs. Meynell's lovely poem. "The Shepherdess" is so pure, so contemplative, of such an aloof, austere beauty in itself, that it demanded almost equal qualities in the music. These have largely been attained by Mr. Atkins: and they will require great sympathy in the executants. "The Shepherdess" is not for the many: but it will rejoice the few.

The songs of Shelley, so very, very often equipped with musical renderings, are in danger of producing a cry of "Hold, enough!" Nothing can dim their intrinsic lustre: yet occasionally one does wish they might be let alone for twenty years or so! "When Passion's Trance" is stimulant enough, in all conscience, as regards its wording: the composer has piled up the agony in the heavy chords of the accompaniment: the result *ought* to be satisfactory, yet somehow it is not. I fancy that the softer passages for the soloist, which are devoid of any true melodic charm, militate against the success of the whole. And, as a whole, this effort leaves one cold: it lacks inspiration, and its curves are not those of beauty.

Much the same might be observed of Percy Judd's "Indian Serenade," in which "I arise from dreams of thee" is once more attempted. The musician here has sought to disguise, by an elaborate and ambitious accompaniment, the poverty of the vocal part. It cannot be said that he has succeeded. The pianoforte arabesques are clever enough, but to the singer is given no suggestion of the rich warm glow which pervades Shelley's passionate lyric. This setting is born of intellect rather than of emotion—just where emotion is essential. Mr. Judd's treatment of "When Daisies pied" challenges comparison with many another. It has a touch of the naïve simplicity and the would-be archaic air appropriate to the words: but otherwise makes no very special appeal.

The Elizabethan manner—quaint yet stately—admirably phrased for the voice—contrapuntally treated in the accompaniment—has been well captured by C. Armstrong Gibbs. He is to be congratulated on his selection of suitable and unhackneyed verses. "Love is a Sickness" and "In Youth is Pleasure" make a happy contrast and an attractive couple: slightly stimulant, like old-fashioned home-made wine, but in no respect cheap or commonplace.

On the part-songs of Havergal Brian I have previously given appreciative comment. Those now in hand are more salient, more difficult, and more novel than the last. They strike out along fresh lines, to issues such as one rarely associates with female-voice concerted music. "And will he not come again," with its remarkable repetitive figure in the pianoforte part, and "It was a Lover and his Lass" are of fine quality and boldly original. "The Fairy Palace," whilst assimilated to the ethereal whimsicality of Drayton's words, is, to my thinking, too queer, too inconclusive. Most remarkable of all is the unaccompanied five-part "Phantom Wooer," for mixed voices. The *macabre*, not to say charnel character of the lyric is reflected with an uncanny ingenuity in the setting; the thing is cleverness incarnate, and has traits of sheer beauty. I can hardly imagine people desiring to chant about "the little snakes of silver throat, In mossy skulls that nest and lie." And yet, the extraordinary artistry of it!

Messrs. Elkin's "English Song Albums" are likely to prove more popular than any of the foregoing. In these, the smooth, easy melodies run fluently above a non-exacting accompaniment. The amateur will find himself or herself well supplied with singable matter of a safely sedative sort: written and composed after familiar

* "The Shepherdess." Music by Ivor Atkins. Poem by Alice Meynell. 2s. (Augener.)—"When Passion's Trance is Overpast." Music by Eric Fogg. Words by Shelley. 2s. (Elkin.)—"Indian Serenade." Music by Percy Judd. Words by Shelley. 2s. (Augener.)—"When Daisies pied." Music by Percy Judd. Words by Shakespeare. 2s. (Augener.)—"Two Elizabethan Songs." Music by C. Armstrong Gibbs. ("Love is a Sickness." Words by Samuel Daniel. "In Youth is Pleasure." Words by Robert Wever.) 2s. each. (Elkin.)—"Four Part-songs." Music by Havergal Brian. ("And Will He Not Come Again." Words by Shakespeare. 3d.; "It Was a Lover and His Lass." Words by Shakespeare; The Fairy Palace." Words by Michael Drayton; "The Phantom Wooer." [Unaccompanied.] Words by Thomas Lovell Beddoes.) 6d. each. (Augener.)—"Three English Song Albums": ("Contralto Album, Baritone Album, Tenor Album"), each containing 5 songs. 3s. 6d. each. (Elkin.)

formulas, and certain to afford much pleasure to non-exigent hearers. No sophistication, no stimulant; "nothing to make lament or wring the brow" by means of weird chromatic progression or grim discord. Just an excellent selection of simple stuff for everyday use. The Contralto Album contains songs by Ethel Barns, Reginald Somerville, Gerald Lane, Robert Eden, H. Trotère—all popular names. Of these perhaps the most attractive are "A Ransom" and "The Rocking-Chair." Of the Baritone Album's contents, I prefer the sprightly "Mopsa," by Villiers Stanford; the other compositions are by Howard Hadley, William Wallace, Robert Eden, and Reginald Clarke. Each and all will be found acceptable to the amateur. The Tenor Album proffers us much the same style of work, from mainly the same composers: the most attractive piece here is Reginald Somerville's "When Dreams Come True." Briefly, these Albums hold plenty of choice for every voice, and an entire absence of excitement. The ditties approximate, musically speaking, to the works of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Either one thinks them very sweet and consolatory and refreshing, in a lemonadish way—or one regards them as practically negligible quantities. "It takes all sorts of people to make the world"—and all sorts of songs to meet their respective requirements. The same level of mediocrity upon which the fiction of certain successful novelists is based—representing quantity *versus* quality—is a secure foundation for the unambitious composer: and he can hardly be blamed if he finds it more lucrative to keep as near that level as possible. Frozen heights make no appeal to the multitude.

MAY BYRON.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD. By Arthur Baynon. (Augener.)

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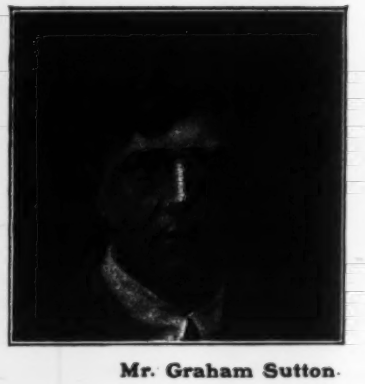
The Drama.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW.

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.



Mr. Graham Sutton.

THE Phœnix Society, founded in 1919 for the production of old English plays, opens its fourth season this autumn. To have survived three years of such heroic adventure is in itself an achievement; and before turning to the new season's bill it is worth while to consider what the Society has already done, and its manner of doing it.

It is rather reticent about its aims. It has avoided one dangerous pitfall, however—the temptation to stage pre-Restoration plays as they were done in their own day. Former revivalists have put their faith in the apron stage, sacrificing the orchestra; but the apron stage (unless indeed it be all apron) is of no use in the modern theatre, which is designed for the picture-frame mode. Elizabethan actors were seen like statuary—in the round; and the modern producer of their plays, if he is not prepared to dispense with nearly all his stalls into the bargain, may as well leave the orchestra undisturbed. What the Phœnix could do in the antiquarian line, it did; notably by relying for its colour appeal on bright costumes against a natural background. The latter, by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, was not improved by being repainted in brighter colours. But the costumes themselves have been consistently good.

Nor has the Society been less well served in the matter of acting. Despite low fees and little publicity, good acting rallies to the Phœnix in a way which reflects the greatest possible credit both on actors and cause, and the three seasons leave many glowing memories—the Witch and Evadne of Miss Thorndike, in all the terror of applied Grand-Guignolism; the Frank Thorney and Amintor of Mr. Ion Swinley; the Cuddy Banks of Mr. Frank Cochrane, in a welcome resurrection from "Chu Chin Chow." Mr. Baliol Holloway's Volpone, Mr. Ernest Thesiger's Tattle, Mr. Ben Field's Zeal-in-the-Land Busy, Mr. Edmund Willard's Don John (in "The Chances"), and Mr. Stanley Lathbury's Callianax were hardly less good. And indeed the Society's team-work has been no less remarkable than its individual performances, considering the shortness of rehearsals and the fact that the artists were mostly engaged in other work. "Bartholomew Fair" gravelled them—partly because the New Oxford was a bigger theatre than their usual haunt, partly from reasons in the play itself, of which more presently. Elsewhere they have maintained a very high standard; they were even good in "All for Love"—a play actor-proof in the worst sense, with its conventionalised emotions, its long patches of insignificant conversation and tedious circular argument, its inevitable reconciliations, its too frequent snip-snap jingle of verse made by the mile and cut off as you want it—which leads to the more difficult question of the selection of Phœnix plays.

It would be interesting to know what principles govern the Society's choice, or what malign influence has laid its taboo on pre-Shakespearean drama. I am not advocating "Roister-Doister" or "Gammer Gurton," though I believe even these tedious comedies would be more amusing on the Phœnix stage than some of its recent selections. But what of "The Spanish Tragedy"? What of Marlowe's work? These plays are the embryo of Elizabethan tragedy; whereas the derivative drama of the seventeenth century is little more than its corpse. Even if the Society has purposely limited itself to seventeenth century plays, the selection problem is still paramount. It can hardly hope to do them all within one generation of membership; upon what principle, then, does it select? Literary excellence, antiquarian interest, acting quality? On any of these counts, or on all three, most of us would subscribe to "The Duchess of Malfi," "Volpone," "The Maid's Tragedy," or "Love for Love"—all given within two years. "The Chances," again, was beyond doubt a feather in the selectors' cap, proving how a piece somewhat neglected in the textbooks may yet play well on the stage. "The Witch of Edmonton," unequal hotch-potch though it be, earned its place by the lurid beauty of its best romantic passages, and by its very great historical interest as a study in seventeenth century superstition and domestic life. Elsewhere the committee's choice was more open to question. In topical interest "The Fair Maid of the West" was well enough; but the same author's "Woman Killed with Kindness" is a better play and much more socially significant, being one of our earliest problem plays and (I think) the first challenge thrown to the old romantic convention about a wronged husband's honour. The second Jonson comedy was "Bartholomew Fair"—well enough, again, if he had not written "The Alchemist." The latter play remains supreme, technically, in its achievement of the unities—a problem which has never ceased to engage the attention of English playwrights since the day Sackville and Norton broke their shins over it so disastrously in "Gorboduc." In sheer wit it loses nothing to "Bartholomew Fair," of which Mr. Montagu Summers's laudation as "a supreme effort of Jonson's titanic genius" will be taken with a grain of salt by most readers, even if they do not reflect that the "richest humour and most brilliant realism" he finds in it are often of the slapstick sort much better devised by Mr. Charlie Chaplin. Above all, when Mr. Summers speaks

of its " crowded saturnalia of merriment " he gives his case away; " Bartholomew Fair," like " Coriolanus " in its different way, is essentially a crowd-production. The Society does not run to crowds; and it was unfair to expect a handful of principals, playing at being a mob on an empty stage, to set the table on a roar as triumphantly as they could have done with a full carnival chorus.

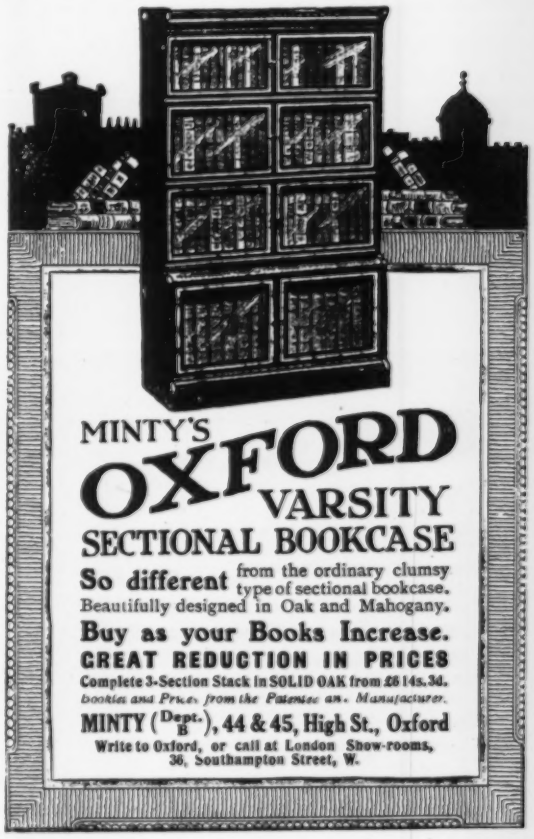
But if we frankly accept the production of " Bartholomew Fair " as an error due to miscalculation of the Society's resources, on what grounds can their selection of " All for Love " be justified? Not as an actors' piece, assuredly; from the actors' standpoint, as I have tried to show, this play " written in imitation of Shakspere's stile " is a lame mongrel which needs more help in negotiating that stile than the most brilliant acting can ever hope to give it. For the antiquarian's sake, then? We have no chance this side of the grave to tell Dryden what we think of him for so treating Shakespeare; but at any rate we need not perpetuate the infamy by reproduction; far better peruse it in the study, leaving time to re-read Shakespeare's version afterwards and get the Dryden taste out of one's mouth before turning to bed. Was it selected for its purple patches? But we have already had that Brutus-and-Cassius quarrel scene rehashed in so many seventeenth century plays from " The Maid's Tragedy " downwards—yes, downwards is the word. There remains only the pedantic plea that it is Dryden's best tragedy; Mr. Summers hails it as one of his two tragic " masterpieces "; and if there can be any best of a species which was bad intrinsically, he has the authority of the great academic critics to warrant his choice. Even so, this is a hole-and-corner superiority—I should say " a dunghill victory," but for the fact that Dryden curiously omitted from it that obscene element which is so sure a draw with a certain section of the Phœnix audience. And with all possible goodwill to Mr. Summers one may suggest to him that in ranking " All for Love " " indubitably . . . among the finest ornaments of the world's dramatic store," he is making not only himself but his Society mildly ridiculous.

* * * * *

Since writing the above (mainly from notes made on the several occasions) I have received the new season's bill, which reads as though the Society's policy had been reconsidered. Marlowe comes into his own with " The Jew of Malta," Jonson with " The Alchemist." Fletcher's " Faithful Shepherdess " pipes a new note of pastoral comedy; and Ford's " 'Tis Pity," a tit-bit for the expurganda enthusiasts, has the additional advantage of being a pretty good stage play. Altogether a programme which should atone amply for any previous errors of judgment, and more than ever justify the Phœnix's existence.

EAST OF SUEZ. At His Majesty's Theatre.

There are certain sleek individuals who are very fond of referring to " the old days " (which most of them never knew, by the way), and who vehemently contend that we no longer have any real actors and actresses, nor any good plays. I hope these people will go to His Majesty's Theatre and see Mr. Somerset Maugham's " East of Suez." I am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not going to say that it is perfect play—there are no perfect plays—but there are parts of it which may fairly be called great, and as a whole it is a production that ought to attract and hold large audiences for many a week to come. It is first and foremost Miss Meggie Albanesi's triumph. That young lady has gone on from success to success, but this to me is the best thing she has yet done. She is on the stage during six out of the seven scenes, and her part is an exceedingly emotional one—a crescendo of emotion, so to speak, culminating in a very strong scene prior to the final fall of the curtain. Briefly the story is that of an Englishman who marries in Peking a Chinese half-caste (Miss Albanesi), and brings on himself not only the coldness of other English residents, but the hatred of the girl's former Chinese lover, Lee Tai Cheng (Mr. C. V. France). There is the added complication of the love of the half-caste, Daisy, for another Englishman, George Conway (Mr. Basil Rathbone), who is at once her lover and her husband's friend. So there you have plot enough, in all conscience, and one that produced situations which might very easily have been reduced to bathos by a little over-acting. But Miss Albanesi was sure of herself throughout, and held the scales level, although even that excellent actor Mr. Basil Rathbone was inclined to "My God!" a little too much at times. The scenes between Daisy and her husband (very well played by Mr. Malcolm Keen), and Daisy and the imperturbable Lee Tai Cheng were especially good, apart from the greater emotional moments in which Daisy and George fought out the problem of Love *versus* Honour. Mr. C. V. France, as Lee Tai Cheng, gave the finished study one expects from him, but his brief might have been more carefully drawn, as the lawyers have it—as for example when he is made to call Daisy a "Chinawoman," a thing that is not done among nice Chinese people, don't you know. There are quite a lot of real Chinese in the cast, who are a great help in the first scene (which has, however, nothing to do with the story). The mounting of the play is most artistic and the music (partly by Eugène Goossens, partly Chinese) in perfect harmony with the scenes. "East of Suez," by the way, has just been published in book form (2s. 6d.) by Messrs. Heinemann.

F. D. G.

THE RETURN. At the Globe Theatre.

Mr. Arthur Wimperis has adapted this amusing play from the French of Robert de Flers and Francis de Croisset—amusing but strangely unequal. A promising prologue is followed by two patchy and unconvincing acts. But the third act is a triumph. It contains a strikingly original and effective scene, and the play must be seen, as no doubt it was written, for the sake of this last act. A one-act drama in itself, Act III shows the husband about to cross-examine his wife's lover, while the wife, having exacted a promise from the men that there shall be no violence, waits outside on tenterhooks. When the wife enters, alarmed by the sound of their raised voices, she finds that instead of discussing her the two men have been telling one another war stories—the result of discovering that they fought in the same sector in France! And—the last straw—the wife's photograph has been set up on the table to represent a hill-side! The real weakness of the play lies in the hazy characterisation of the husband. As the wife, who out of sheer boredom warns her stodgy, self-centred husband that she is going to be unfaithful, though she hasn't yet selected a lover, Miss Marie Löhr plays with a charm and ease as endearing as ever, and is seen at her very best. She is admirably supported by a brilliant cast—notably by Miss Lottie Venne equipped with fan and handkerchief and a delightful flow of inconsequential humour.

S. H. W.

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THE BLUE GUIDES: WALES.

Edited by FINDLAY MUIRHEAD, M.A., F.R.G.S. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

THROUGH YORKSHIRE.

By GORDON HOME. 2s. (Dent.)

HAMPSHIRE.

By TELFORD VARLEY. 4s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

Here are three books more or less of a class. Broadly they are guide-books, yet probably the authors of two would much prefer that their books should not be so called. Such is the strange feeling of many writers that, when they write a book descriptive of any country, the last name by which they desire you to call it is that of guide-book—as though a good guide-book were not one of the most satisfactory pieces of work that a writer could accomplish.

Concerning one, however, there can be no question, for the Muirhead Guide to Wales is guide-book pure and simple, naked and unashamed. It maintains in general the high standard already set, and Mr. Muirhead must feel the glow of a legitimate pride as he sees the series steadily lengthening. There is the usual practical information, which includes a chapter on motoring in Wales and notes by Mr. W. M. Gallichan for fishermen, and there are useful preliminary surveys of the Land of Wales (Professor J. H. Fleure), the History and Social System of Wales and the Welsh Language (Professor T. Gwynne Jones). The bulk of the work is that of Mr. J. E. Morris, B.A., and those familiar with other work of that careful topographer will know what this means in the way of painstaking accuracy, close compression and general completeness.

From **A History of Art: Mediæval Art** (*John Lane*).

THE MIRROR. PRINT (LOUVRE). UTAMARO (1753-1806).

The time has come, however, when the Muirhead Guides can with propriety be critically regarded. Five of them have been published. The foundation of the series was warmly welcomed, and each volume has been cordially appreciated. Having regard to the nature of the subject, Wales ought to be a little better than the other volumes. It is disappointing to find so little directly bearing on mountaineering, and one would have preferred that Professor Fleure's article should have been less coldly geological and rather more frankly descriptive of the natural charms.

But the least satisfactory feature of the book is the maps. No fault can be found, of course, with the production of the various half-inch maps—as maps—of Bartholomew, but for mountainous country one inch to the mile is the smallest practical scale for walking. Furthermore there are three district maps (three miles to the inch) which are absurdly antiquated in style and of little more than the most superficial use. It is not as though the proper maps were not obtainable. The Ordnance Survey maps are now so beautiful and effective that it is astonishing that there should be no reference to them, more particularly as there is a new one-inch map of the Snowdon district which is almost indispensable to the walker and climber. On the whole it must be confessed that in the matter of maps and practical general information the volume is surpassed by Baddeley's "Thorough Guide to the Lake District." It is perhaps due to the weakness on this side that there are numerous slight discrepancies in the heights of mountains, maps and text differing. In some cases both map and text differ from the latest figures of the Ordnance Survey.

Mr. Gordon Home's book is wonderful value at present-day prices. He says he has "endeavoured to indicate where romance and beauty may be found," and it is a tribute to his talent that in less than one hundred and eighty pages he has told so much, and described faithfully and charmingly, such a number of varying things in the huge county. Most books of this type are too sketchy to be of practical use, and one wonders why they are produced and bought, but the user of this book in a tour through Yorkshire can gain thereby such a knowledge of the attractions of the county as to make him something of an authority thereon. The joy which Mr. Home felt in writing it he manages to communicate to others, enriched by his always truthful and delightful drawings.

But I am by no means sure that in many ways Mr. Varley's is not the best book of the three. Dealing as it does largely with what comes broadly under the term physiography, it is a book that is more likely than the others to open the eyes of the tourist and traveller to unfamiliar yet native and really characteristic things. The books of this series cover a wide range of subjects—geology, natural features, history, place-names, industries and communications, archæology and antiquities, and the like. Mr. Varley's is one of the best of them, and though the plan of the book is educational, it is so in such a sense that it would be a high delight for one who does not know Hampshire to explore the trout-streams and chalk hills of the county, with what remains of man's work from far-away ages, and all other noteworthy features of the county, by the light of this admirable book, which is illustrated with peculiar judgment and aptness.

A. H. ANDERSON.

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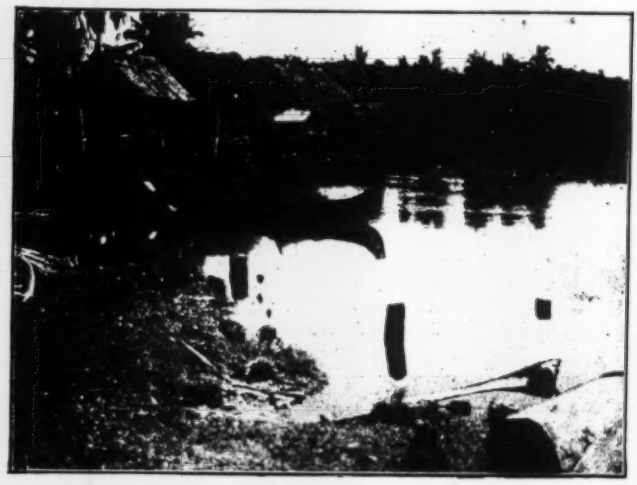


From British North Borneo (*Constable*).

BENONI VILLAGE.
Photo by D. J. Rutter.

BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.

By OWEN RUTTER. 21s. (Constable.)

The very name of North Borneo smacks of adventure, yet Mr. Rutter is right in his statement that few men in the street could answer off-hand the questions: Where is it? What is its size? Who compose its population? To whom does it belong? His book deals exhaustively with this fascinating and little-known corner of the Empire and makes capital reading with its descriptions of native tribes and customs, historical anecdotes and pen-pictures of the wild country and villages. Some democrats of to-day are inclined to doubt the wisdom of forcing western civilisation upon the savage of the East, and there is much to be said on both sides, but one cannot help feeling that the method of arbitration insisted on by the British North Borneo Company must be more salutary for the natives than the head-hunting expeditions and tribal feuds of their own code. Not that the North Borneo native is a savage in the accepted meaning of the word; Mr. Rutter gives him in the main an excellent character. In fact it is chiefly the author's understanding and sympathy with the people among whom he has lived that lends charm and value to his profusely illustrated work.

AMID SNOWY WASTES.

By SETON GORDON, F.Z.S. 15s. (Cassell.)

Books of travel and natural history have had a prominent place on publishers' catalogues during recent years and the latest addition to the list of handsome volumes sumptuously bound and illustrated is Mr. Seton Gordon's "Amid Snowy Wastes." The book is the outcome of a visit to the Spitsbergen Archipelago which Mr. Gordon undertook in the summer of 1921 as photographer with the Oxford University Expedition. Anyone who has read his account of a journey in the Inner Hebrides knows how attractively he writes. In one respect this book is the complement of the earlier volume, for many of the birds that spend the winter on the Hebridean coasts have in Spitsbergen their summer home. Something of the beauty that lies on the chilly wastes blows out from the pages as we read. A pictorial quality in the descriptive passages lets us feel the silence that broods about the lands that approach the Pole. Days may pass when the only sound which breaks the quiet is the wailing note of the long-tailed skua across the tundra or the grunt of the fulmar petrel whose nesting-place is being disturbed. The chapter on the Flowers of Spitsbergen is not the least attractive in this fascinating volume.

From Amid Snowy Wastes (*Cassell*).

THE GREAT WAGON-WAY GLACIER, MAGDALENA BAY.

From From Switzerland to the Mediterranean on Foot (*Werner Laurie*).

LOWER MONTANA.

FROM SWITZERLAND TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON FOOT.

By J. B. WINTER. 5s. (Werner Laurie.)

This walk was undertaken by the author and his wife in the winter of 1919–20, the urge being a spell of bad weather which drove them out of Sierre in the Swiss Rhone Valley in search of blue skies and glittering seas. Mr. Winter writes as a walker and climber for other walkers and climbers. He writes simply and with both eyes alert for a striking view, and he does not forget to dwell upon the little anxieties and mishaps that wait upon the pedestrian in a land of snowy roads, shuttered hotels and

dubious parcels delivery. But his pen is most agile when the path is arduous and snow-racquets or ice-axes have to be used. The route taken covers 488 miles and included Martigny, Evian, Chambéry, Grenoble, Entraunes, Cannes. The highest point traversed was the Col de la Cayolle (8,000 feet). The book is illustrated by photographs and the second part consists of a number of entertaining extracts from the author's mountaineering journal.

THE CONQUEST OF THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

By SAMUEL TURNER, F.R.G.S. 21s. (Fisher Unwin.)

" The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps " is a tale of adventure hardly meant for the ordinary reader of books of trave'. Doubtless there is something heroic in climbing snow-clad mountains and in running the innumerable risks of breaking one's neck that seem to be the charm of this kind of sport. But there is such a lack of the human element in mastering " high class " ascents and inaccessible altitudes, that one at least of Mr. Turner's readers must confess that he yawned a little as he steadily ploughed his way through the story of the explorer's attempts on Mount Cook and Mount Tutoko. It has real value no doubt to the geographer, and to the botanist; but to the average man who, unlike Mr. Turner, is *not* " a life-long non-drinker and non-smoker," and who is *not* enamoured of the training required for serious mountaineering, it must seem the record of a bleak, stark and Sisyphean labour. Tennis, golf, ball-punching, tree-chopping, Swedish exercises and skipping constitute the methods of keeping fit employed by Mr. Turner. As late as December 16th, 1921, he skipped 10,600 times in one hour five minutes. This, he assures us, is the World's Skipping Record.

From The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps (*Fisher Unwin*).

MOUNT TUTOKO, FROM TUTOKO VALLEY.

From From Switzerland to the Mediterranean on Foot (*Werner Laurie*).

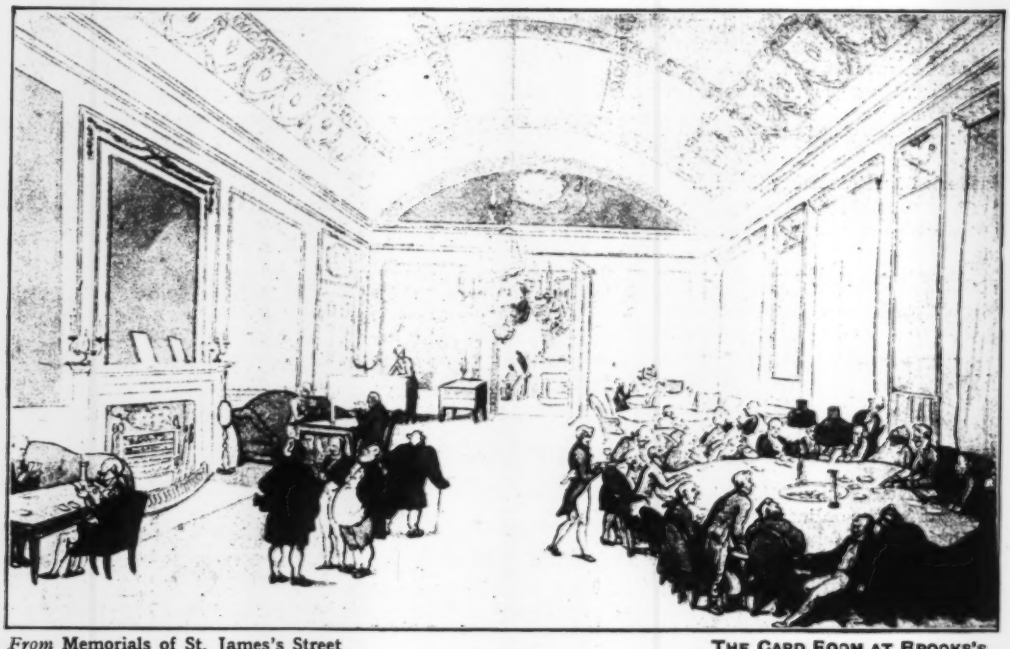
THE DRAME VALLEY.

WOODLAND CREATURES.

By FRANCES PITT. 12s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Unaffected, charming essays on various animals which inhabit forest and coppice. Miss Pitt starts with the Badger and gives us a delightful photograph of Badger Cubs, scraping moss off a tree in search of insects and other small things. She then proceeds to tell us her own experience of the creature as a pet. " Diana Muggins, to give her her full name, was brought to me as quite a young cub by a keeper." She proved to be affectionate and gay. There is a good account of the Dormouse, illuminated always by the author's own personal experiments and observations. But we have enjoyed best of all the pages given over to the Fox. Miss Pitt loves Reynard. She begins, " A most beautiful animal is the British Fox, being perhaps as lovely as any creature we have. . . . For perfect beauty, combined with intelligence, the fox, in my opinion is without a rival in all the wide world of wild animals." Most readers we believe will violently dissent. But reading the artless account of the lady's attempt to keep a fox cub, we can understand better; for the young thing gave her lots of pleasure! Yet in the end it strayed away, and she beseeches people not to try and follow her example. " It has no grain in its character of that devotion to man which makes the dog what it is . . . the fox is not a domesticable creature." Printed in excellent, large type and well illustrated, this book is pretty sure to be carried off from the drawing-room bookshelf into the nursery.

XUM



From Memorials of St. James's Street (*Grant Richards*).

THE CARD ROOM AT BROOKS'S.
After Rowlandson.

MEMORIALS OF ST. JAMES'S STREET.

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. With sixteen illustrations. 15s. (Grant Richards.)

One would say at a venture that no one street in London has housed so many famous or interesting men and women as have from time to time taken up residence in St. James's Street. To say nothing of aristocratic tenants important in their day. Waller, Pope, Byron, Wolfe, Gillray lived there, and through White's, Boodle's, the Cocoa-Tree, Crockford's, The Thatched House, and other famous clubs that belong to the street it has associations with more celebrities of one sort and another than could conveniently be chronicled here. Mr. Chancellor has consulted early plans, rate books, historical manuscripts, diaries, memoirs and a multitude of miscellaneous records, and has written a complete and detailed history of the street itself and the surrounding neighbourhood from the days of Henry VIII onward. He gives a curious charm to his exact narrative of even the undistinguished residents of early times, and often from out-of-the-way sources is able to throw vivid little sidelights on the characters of those forgotten householders. Perhaps the chief interest of the book centres on the clubs and the delightful anecdotes of their members in the days of Beau Brummel and the Regent. The whole second part of the volume is given over to the history of Almack's, which was round the corner in King Street, and is crowded with memories of the wits and bucks of the Regency, and had grown from a club to a popular dancing and lecture hall when Thackeray, Dickens and Charlotte Brontë were among its visitors. It is a fascinating theme, and Mr. Chancellor has made an entertaining and intensely interesting book of it. The illustrations from old prints and drawings add not a little to its interest and attractiveness.

RACHEL BLAND'S INHERITANCE.

By W. RILEY. 7s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Another of those charming Yorkshire stories that have given the author of "Windyridge" a place of his own among latter-day novelists.

From The Deep of the Sea
The Diary of the late Dr. Charles Edward Smith (*Black*).

THE "DIANA" NIPPED IN THE ICE (ON DECEMBER 2ND, 1868) AND ABANDONED FOR A TIME.
From a sketch made by the late Dr. Charles Edward Smith.

From **Bygone Days in India**
(*John Lane*).

A BALL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

BYGONE DAYS IN INDIA.

By DOUGLAS DEWAR. 18s. (The Bodley Head.)

To lovers of India Mr. Dewar's glimpses into the past will prove of quite exceptional interest. His book glows with the glamour of yesterday. The India that we shall never know again shines through the old diaries he quotes and their old stories of people long since "gone beyond." In his pages the personality of James Silk Buckingham—"one of the most remarkable Englishmen who have yet lived"—lives again; there is a glorious account of his editorship of the *Calcutta Journal*, the first issue of which appeared on October 1st, 1818; the tremendous fight he put up against the suppression of free speech, his ingenuity in outwitting the Madras Government, his keen sense of fair dealing and his courage to stand—and fall—for the things he believed in. Even when ordered out of India he continued to influence the policy of his paper till the Government refused to grant any licence to it "so long as Buckingham had anything to do with it." It is satisfactory to learn that he received a pension at last from the East India Company to compensate him for the treatment he had received. "Home by P. and O. Sixty Years Ago" is a chapter that helps one to realise the immense strides made in travelling since the last century. It took Mrs. Paget from the 5th of June to the 16th of July, 1859, to voyage from Bombay to Southampton—and in degrees of discomfort that seem now almost incredible. Mr. Dewar has collected his facts from various sources and, illustrated with drawings of the period, the volume is full of interest and uncommonly attractive.

MEMORIES OF MEN AND HORSES.

By WILLIAM ALLISON.
21s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. William Allison's "Memories of Men and Horses," dedicated to the Earl of Rosebery, "the only living breeder of three Derby winners," is a delightfully companionable collection of good stories and amusing reminiscences. Whether he is indulging in stray thoughts about trainers and buyers, discussing great mares and classic winners, describing the famous hoax he played on Labouchere, or relating his quaint experiences of such "characters" as Colonel North, Parson Parkes, and Abington Baird, *The Sportsman's* special commissioner is always eminently good humoured and well worth reading. To enjoy his flow of anecdotes and comments you need have no more than the man in the street's acquaintance with the turf. You are bound to succumb to the author's genial bonhomie, to his eye for character and oddity and to his keen love of hound and horse.

PARIS A LA CARTE.

By SOMMERVILLE STORY. 4s. 6d. (Philpot.)

Mr. Sommerville Story has a wholesome pity for Thackeray's "Englishman abroad" who insisted on having his steak or chop and potatoes with a pint of porter, and then sat in the lounge to read his *Morning Post*. And we

Drawn by Phil May.
From **Memories of Men and Horses**
By William Allison
(*Grant Richards*).

THE REIGN OF TERROR: BURNING LORD SALISBURY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

XUM

defy anyone who dips into the pages of this fascinating little volume not to be sorry for what that Englishman missed. However superior one may affect to be on this tremendous subject of eating and drinking, there are very few of us who have not a streak of the gourmet in our make-up, and if there is one spot in the world where this streak can be satisfied without grossness that spot is Paris. Mr. Story shepherds us through all the best (and some of the least) known places where the Parisian dines and makes merry. He chats to us about their special dishes, their habitués past and present, their etiquette. To all who wish to know more than the outsides of the Paris restaurants this book is invaluable. It is the best French *aperitif* we have come across.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1468-1921.

5s. (Oxford University Press)

This is one of those comparatively few books which are a joy to the critical reader both intellectually and typographically, if two such incompatible adverbs may be combined. Yet why should they not be?—for the pleasure of the intellect in good English is certainly enhanced by the setting of those English words in beautiful type; so the juxtaposition may be reasonable, after all. It is an excellent thing to present the story of Oxford printing, from the period of Caxton to the current time, in this attractive manner, and the many illustrations, some of them admirable reproductions of old engravings, add to the general satisfaction of the book. Section two treats of the Press as it is to-day, with its various ramifications, and there are some interesting incidental statistics. The total quantity of type at the Oxford building, for instance, is estimated at over one million pounds of metal, and includes 550 different founts in 150 different characters—some of these representing languages which one has hardly ever heard of; and it is estimated that the warehouses contain some three and a half million copies of about 4,500 distinct books. Many of the workpeople come of families which have been for generations connected with the Press; "and they are proud," says the unnamed author, "not only of the old traditions of fine and honest work, but also of the usefulness and scholarly excellence of the books on which their labour is spent. The Press is, in all its parts, conscious at once of its unity and of its relation to the University of which it is an integral part." The chapters on the famous Oxford English Dictionary, the Press abroad, the Administration of the Press, and other departments of the immense work, are all fascinating to the reader, whether he be related to print and paper professionally or not; and as a most happily conceived and written account of the origins and progress of its subject the book is beyond praise.

THE PIPER.

From **The Little Green Road to Fairyland**
By Annie R. Rentoul and Ida Rentoul Outhwaite
(*Black*).

LOCH LOMOND AND THE TROSSACHS.

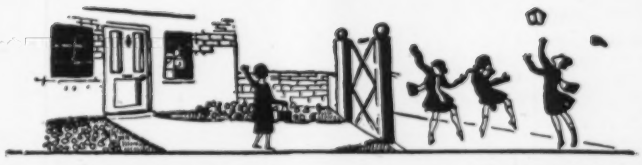
Described by G. EYRE-TODD. Painted by E. W. HASLEHUST, R.B.A. 3s. net. (Blackie.)

The publishers made a happy choice when they entrusted this work to Mr. Eyre-Todd and Mr. Haslehust. To the former it must have been an easy task, inasmuch as it was a labour of love, for he is here writing of things with which he has had a lifelong familiarity. No doubt, as Mr. Eyre-Todd loyally admits, there is one guide-book to the Trossachs beyond all others—"The Lady of the Lake." Both in topography and in history Scott's inaccuracies have been ruthlessly exposed by pedants times without number, but to no purpose. For his genius has become part and parcel of the places he describes, and the historian's corrections are felt to be an unnecessary footnote. Needless to say, Mr. Eyre-Todd affects no such pedantry. He tells us interestingly and picturesquely the histories of the great families and clans associated with the district, and he leaves us eager, in spite of our new acquisition of knowledge, to re-read "Rob Roy." Mr. Haslehust in his score of drawings has been very successful, and the coloured reproductions reach a high level. We recommend the work cordially both as an introduction and as a souvenir.

THE COMPANION SHAKESPEARE.

As You Like It.
Julius Cæsar.
Richard II.
The Merchant of Venice, etc.

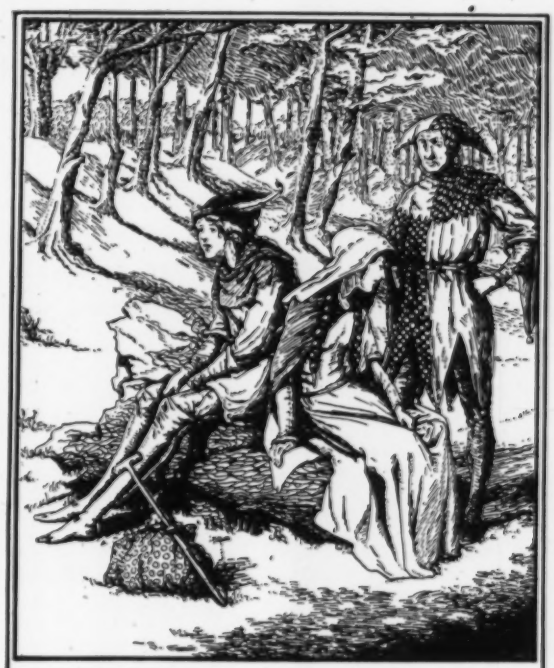
Edited by J. A. GREEN, M.A. 2s. net each. (Christophers.)



From **The House with the Twisting Passage** (*Harrap*).

GOING TO SCHOOL.
Drawn by Doris Palmer.

Let us first remark that these volumes are extraordinarily well produced and equipped and sold at an extraordinarily low price. We recommend certain other publishers to discover, if they can, Messrs. Christophers' secret. The late Professor Green of Sheffield was a broad-minded, practical teacher. He knew his craft from end to end. Believing that Shakespeare was often badly presented to the reader, he conceived an edition in which there should be no apparatus of commentary or discussion, but instead simple paragraphic remarks introductory to each scene, designed to keep the reader's mind on the essentials of the story, and to stimulate his interest in what was past and to come. The suggestive interrogations are specially good in their challenge to the intelligence. Whether one agrees or denies that the text should be interspersed with editorial matter, one cannot question the skill with which an ingenious idea is here presented. In addition the editor has given some valuable appendices, including one of practical hints on the staging of each play.



ROSALIND "I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman."
Act. II. Sc. IV.

From **As You Like It**
The new volume in "The Companion Shakespeare" series (*Christophers*).

THE HOUSE WITH THE TWISTING PASSAGE.

By MARION ST. JOHN WEBB. Illustrated in line and silhouette by DORIS PALMER. 5s. (Harrap.)

By the author of that popular book of child-verse, "The Littlest One." The story of nine-year-old Jenny, a dark-haired, imaginative small person, whose father and mother went away to India and left her to the care of Aunt Abby and Aunt Emma. Now Aunt Abby and her husband, Uncle Nichol, were caretakers and "minded" a beautiful old manor house in Surrey. There was a queer twisting passage on the second floor, that ran the length of the house. "Jenny loved to play in this passage. . . . The closed doors along the sides of the passage made it all the more interesting. Jenny used to pretend that different people lived in the rooms behind these doors." She created Phil the Fiddler, Mr. Snatcher (a greedy fellow), Miss Ruby, who wore silk even in the early morning, Tarramina, the foreigner, Peter Bollin, and old Mrs. Bunch, but most of all she thought of a certain real, living Miss Clare, whose picture as a little girl hung in the passage. Jenny found the doll that had belonged to Miss Clare, she discovered Miss Clare's exercise books in the deserted nursery, she fed on the idea of this glorious Miss Clare, till one day she was able to peep at the real grown-up herself! It was a shock, Miss Clare looked sad and hard. But this is not the end. Lovely, quaint things happened. The manor house became populated with invalids who had come for a rest cure—and to her joy and astonishment she found that they were her dream-folk, come to life. She went to call on them, and one by one they told her stories; some pretty, some curious, some awfully exciting. At the close Miss Clare came herself, after the rest home had shut. And her sad, icy heart was melted by Jenny's earnest devotion. She made up her mind to have the manor house full again of the people who wanted a home. She kissed Jenny, she laughed happily. This book has a wistful and daring charm that lifts it above the ordinary. The little soliloquy, "Sunday in the Shop," is quite perfect in its way. Mrs. Doris Palmer's full-page drawings and silhouette decorations add to the attractiveness of the book.

From **The House with the Twisting Passage**
By Marion St. John Webb (*Harrap*).

JILL ARRIVES AT AUNT EMMA'S.
Drawn by Doris Palmer.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

By SIR FREDERICK TREVES. Illustrated with photographs by the author. 25s. net. (Cassell.)

Sir Frederick Treves has here presented the model of what such a place-book should be. In five preliminary chapters he writes of Geneva itself, town and lake, in a general manner which has all the value of giving information and the charm of proper discursiveness. He then goes on a pen-and-ink tour round the Lake—from Geneva to the Dranse, from the Dranse to the Rhone, from the Rhone to Lausanne, from Lausanne to Geneva again. Historically and topographically Geneva is fraught with interest. It is over forty miles long, it is bounded by Savoy on one side and Switzerland on the other; "on one side of the water was an enlightened democracy, while on the other was a dull feudalism"; one side Royalist, the other Republican, one Romanist, the other Protestant. But

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From **The Lake of Geneva**
By Sir Frederick Treves
(*Cassell*).

LAUSANNE.

added to these bare facts come trooping beauties and curiosities, adventures and events, reminiscences and biographies—persons, buildings, stories, legends—written by one who has become steeped in an affectionate knowledge of his subject and yet has the not too usual gift of selection. Here no picture is blurred by an overcrowding of dry fact. The style has dignity but is never dull, accurate but alive; it reveals the pleasure of the author and passes on that pleasure to the reader. It cannot fail to find a welcome from those who know Geneva, equalled only by the welcome of those who wish to. Too little room has been left us for high commendation of the hundred photographs. Truly they do their work; they decidedly do illustrate the beauties and interests of this beautiful and interesting lake and its surroundings.

ARUNDEL: BOROUGH AND CASTLE.

By G. W. EUSTACE, M.C., M.A., M.D. 21s. net.
(Robert Scott.)

Mr. G. W. Eustace says in the preface to his book on Arundel that he has attempted to present "in chronological order a concise and yet complete history of the ancient Borough of Arundel." To do this he has gained access to two sources of information necessary to a comprehensive survey; these sources, which have been withheld from former writers of Arundel's history, are the Municipal Records and the Collections of the Sussex Archæological Society. The book is packed with interesting facts, many and varied being the scenes that the wonderful old castle has witnessed. The life and growth of the borough itself provides much entertaining reading. The ancient polity of the borough can be gleaned from the old Court leet rolls, from which the following are extracts: "Henry Gaunt, Richard Clavell, and nine others, butchers, make an exhorbitant profit on their meat, and are, therefore, fined in the sum of two pence each. Thomas Downer sells unwholesome meat, and is fined for such offence twenty pence." "John Sonnyng has uttered malicious words against Laurence, the prior of Tortington, for which offence he is fined three pence." There is an old saying that "There are many beautiful places in the world, but there is only one Arundel," and to this truth Mr. Eustace's book, with the aid of the excellent photographs which illustrate it, bears ample testimony.

From **Arundel: Borough and Castle**
(*Robert Scott*).

ARUNDEL CASTLE.

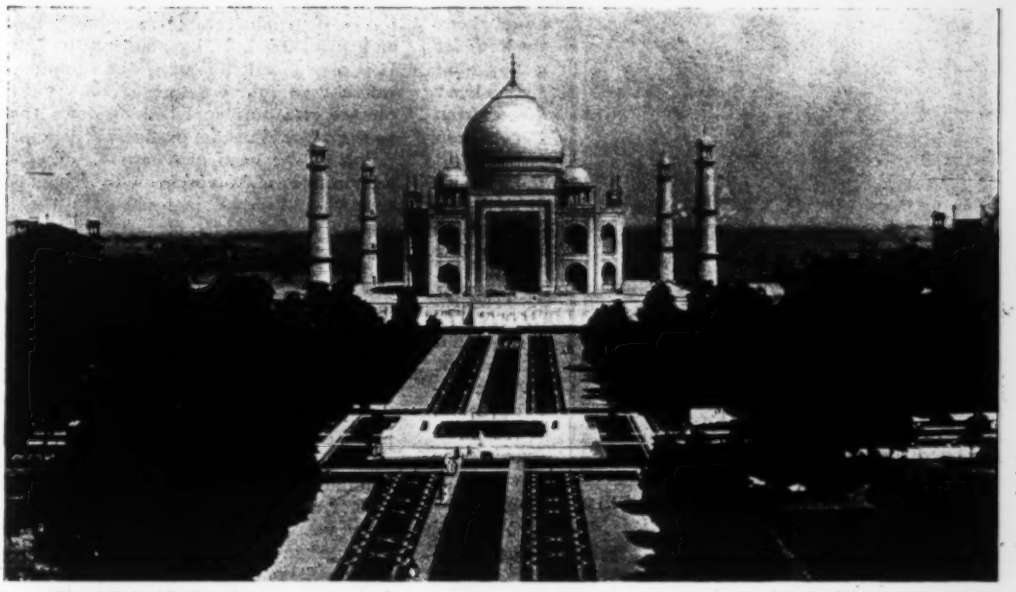
SNOOKS.

By PAUL LONG. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

An unusual sort of book. Mr. Long has absolutely refused to tinker up his story of a ragamuffin by any of the conventional methods. Snooks is faithfully described, child of a drunken father, lover of a gentle but foolish mother. He becomes the breadwinner, acts as a programme-seller, then goes out to Egypt as a waiter. The character is not over-emphasised in any way; it is one of the most lifelike studies we have met for many weeks in fiction. Snooks is impulsive, loving, unscrupulous, tender-hearted. He saves up sovereigns for his beloved mother, returns home to England to find his brother and sisters impudent and unmanageable; tries to reprove them; is checked by his mother and goes miserably out of their lives, having first done his best for them with a rich relation.

THE A B C OF INDIAN ART.

By J. F. Blacker.
15s.
(Stanley Paul.)



From **The A B C of Indian Art** (*Stanley Paul*).

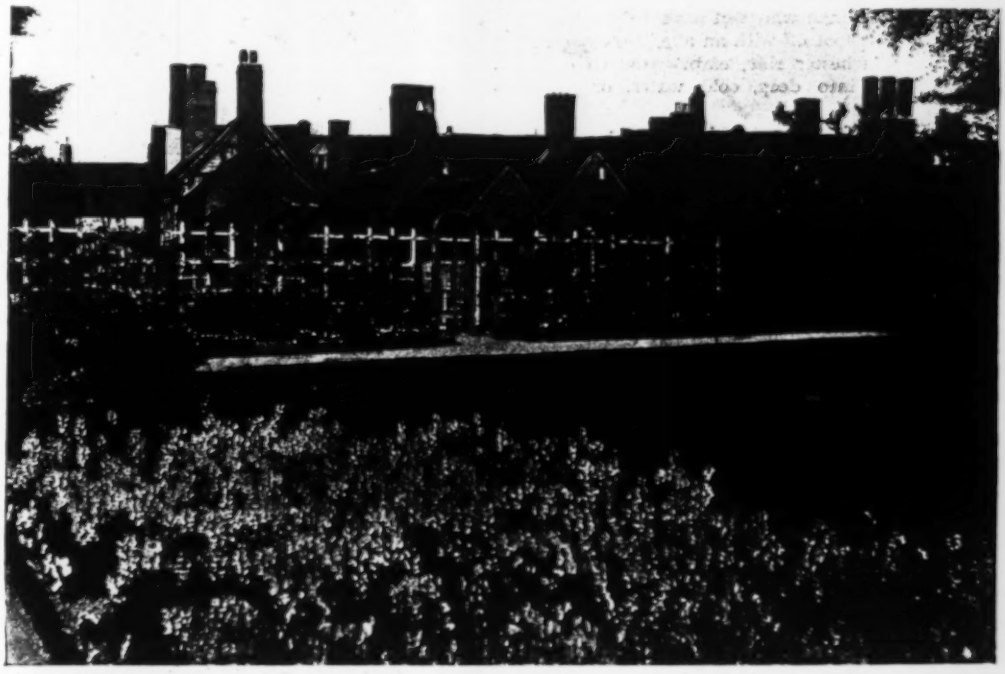
THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

The writer of "The A B C of Collecting Old Continental Pottery" has now compiled a volume on Indian Art, which is certain to find keen readers among those of the public who wish to possess a simple, comprehensive account. The book does not claim to be original; the author probably has never been to India himself. But he is a wonderfully patient and skilful scanner of old records. "The work has been full of attractive research," he says cheerfully in his preface; ". . . an abundance of material amply repaid the time and care bestowed upon its acquisition." Mr. Blacker has an interesting chapter on "Furniture and Woodwork," but, summing up the position of Indian production in relation to the English home, cannot express a favourable opinion on its progress. Many people will read with attention his section on Jewelled Jade: "The gem-encrusted jade of India is now sharing the favour of collectors, with the inevitable result of forcing up the prices." But the past of India is more absorbing artistically than its present. Most fascinating are the reproductions of ancient pictures of mythical subjects on page 243—"Arjuna sitting by the side of his divine father Indra, in his kingdom of heaven," and "Creation of Raja Prithi, first anointed God of War." "The A B C of Indian Art" will encourage students to proceed with their study of the subject; and that, we take it, is Mr. Blacker's desire.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN.

By Ernest Law. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr. Law, who is one of the trustees of the National Memorial, gives here a very interesting account of the efforts made during the past few years to recreate Shakespeare's Garden. The object has been not merely to bring together all the flowers and herbs mentioned in the plays but to adhere in the method of laying out the garden to the directions of the best Elizabethan writers on horticulture. It is good to know with what enthusiasm the work has been undertaken by willing volunteers. From all classes of the community—from the Royal gardens, from Kew, from the gardens of our oldest castles—generous contributions have poured in, and not less



From **Shakespeare's Garden** (*Selwyn & Blount*).

OUTSIDE THE "KNOTT" GARDEN.

XUM

A LOTU OR CHRISTIAN FIJIAN OF THE PRESENT DAY.
His short hair and sula, or waist cloth, shows his renunciation of cannibalism.

From **The Hill Tribes of Fiji**
(*Seeley, Service*).

welcome have been the humbler gifts of familiar flowers from the children of East End London. Oddly enough it has to be recorded that the actresses of England have not had sufficient interest or leisure to send a single flower. Mr. Law retells very briefly the known facts about the history of Shakespeare's house and garden, and his narrative is very useful because authoritative. A very notable feature of the book is the score of splendid illustrations showing what has been and what is to be. The Shakespearean student will find much to interest him in this little book. The illustrations do more for some passages in the plays than a mass of annotation.

WITH GUN AND ROD IN CANADA.

By PHIL H. MOORE. 12s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

You should add the name of Mr. Phil Moore to your private list of people who may some day be useful to you. The first time you go on a hunting and fishing trip in Canada you should appoint him to an important position on your personal staff—no less than that of the man who will have to see that you do not cut your foot off with an axe, blow your head off with a Winchester rifle, empty yourself out of a birchen canoe into deep, cold water, or fall into any of the other pitfalls spread for the unwary. He mixes instruction and amusement throughout his book, and illustrates both by photographs from his own camera. It is a book a little out of the common, and none the less worth reading for that. On one page you may find a picture of a durn fool looking down the barrel of his rifle to see what is inside, and a few pages further on a photograph of the head of a moose. Anecdote is followed by admonition, and experience by speculation. It is a book that should be of real value to the sportsman, and is certainly of considerable interest to the poor wight who sits at home and bangs at a typewriter.

THE HILL TRIBES OF FIJI.

By A. B. BREWSTER, F.R.A.I. 21s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Mr. Brewster is Governor's Commissioner for two Fijian provinces, Resident Magistrate and Deputy Commandant of the armed native constabulary, which means that the volume he has given us is full of weighty and valuable matter relating to the people with whom he has lived for forty years in intimate contact. And the information is imparted in an interesting and lively way. Mr. Brewster has quickened the dry bones of statistics and historical fact and enriched the whole with a store of legend and anecdote, quaint, naïve and humorous, in a manner wholly absorbing. To the Wesleyans belong the honour of having converted the inhabitants from cannibalism to Christianity. In a chapter entitled "A Fateful Tambua" the story is told of how one of the earliest missionaries, Mr. Baker, fell a victim to cannibal tastes. The author has much that is gruesome to tell of old traditions, much that is quaint and unique to recite about old customs connected with birth and marriage. Mr. Brewster appreciates the beauty of the scenery and conveys its beauty to us; particularly when he tells of his own house at Vunindawa, which was built in three days at the cost of feasts for the native labourers. He makes us think of the Fijians as a charming and courteous people, generous to a fault, and we feel in reading this record of a life work, how much we owe to the character, stability and righteousness of those men who serve in the lonely outposts of the Empire.

From **With Gun and Rod in Canada**
(*Jonathan Cape*).

CORRECT WAY TO CARRY A GUN WHEN SHOOTING FROM A CANOE.

From **Ulster**
By George Fletcher
(*Cambridge University Press*).

ENNISKILLEN, FROM PORTORA.

YOUNG BOSWELL.

By CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER. 15s. (Putnams.)

Professor Tinker has already given to the noble company of Johnsonians cause for gratitude with his volume on Fanny Burney. He has added now to his bounty by writing this book, which to some extent redresses the balance hitherto weighed against Boswell; for most of us had fallen into the habit of thinking of "the biographical, anecdotical memorandummer," as Madame d'Arblay called him, in the terms of Macaulay; somewhat forgetting the great praise which accompanied the splendid detail of damnation.

Professor Tinker treats of, and entitles his volume, "Young Boswell," because the spirit which imbued his literary work was essentially youthful, showing the qualities of confidence, buoyancy, hope, and an appetite for experience, with those common faults of youth, self-indulgence and self-esteem. Moreover, as Professor Tinker makes no claim to being Boswell's complete biographer, he is able to ignore those painful ultimate years, which showed his virtues and vices as grievously run to seed. He has done well so, for he is able to show that Young Boswell had very excellent parts; and it is always pleasant to know that one who has given the world such volumes of information and delight as his "Corsica," his "Hebrides," his "Johnson," was not so bad a fellow after all.

Essentially human, however, was our young friend. Almost the earliest record in this book shows him as an unauthorised father—an adventure into low life repeated later with the birth of a daughter, "Sally," in the very hours when he was placing his experienced young heart at the feet of a demoiselle of charm and money-bags, wooing a wife which, in this case as in others, proved to him a baffling enterprise. Well, often the natural man is composed of such wildness and follies; and we like to know—without cant or carping—of the little weaknesses and foibles of the men who have lived and written great things. Isn't Charles Lamb even the more lovable because his wit and goodness went with a liking for gin-and-water? Of course it is! Your plaster saint—the "your" is impersonal—was never worth the loving or the burning, in spite of his tin harp and his polished halo and his greenery-yallery attitudes.

Yet it is Boswell the biographer in whom interest is keenest, and in these respects the research of Professor Tinker has gathered some valuable information. His ways of taking notes, of interviewing his great men; the enormous labour he endured in his chase of "copy" (oh, these modern phrases!). The method in which his "Life of Johnson" was set by the printer. How the proofs were received and revised; the additions made in them and—what is rather more interesting in this later day—the instructive cancellations—as that Goldsmith's dress was "unsuitably gawdy and without taste," the deliberate omission showing, in this case anyhow, that Boswell was capable of rising above the slumbering jealousy of Goldy. All that Professor Tinker says on these particulars is luminous and makes lovely pabulum for the mental nourishment of Johnsonians.

So too is all we are shown of Boswell's approach to his great men. It was not worldly circumstance, that base allurement of the snob, which drew him, but intellectual worth—I had almost said spiritual worth too. As, however, Wilkes was among these super-people, that could hardly be true. Anyhow, a man had to be a personality outstanding, and worthily outstanding (as in many ways even Wilkes was), to win Bozzy's devotion and his indelicate, businesslike manner of taking notes. The account of his first meeting with Paoli in Corsica is amusing. The General, according to his own confession, took his visitor for an "espy" because he noticed him recording his remarks, at the moment and on the spot, in a notebook—a dangerous habit in the island of unlimited vendetta and theatrical curses.

The result of reading this book, with its limitation to the (fifty-odd) years of Boswell's youth, is to leave on the heart and mind a happy impression of him. Samuel Johnson knew what he was saying—as always—when he declared that everybody liked Boswell; and assuredly he himself would not have put up with his often peculiar ways if Boswell had really been the mere bibbling, babbling parasite of the judgment of some. Professor Tinker has penned the right word on the subject—for the present. Boswell had genius, as his works prove. He had gaiety, as well as some melancholy, and loved drollery more than most; while even in his folly he was "more natural than most human beings will care to admit."

C. E. LAWRENCE.

From **Frequented Ways,** By Marion I. Newbigin (*Constable*).

AN OLD STREET IN ANNECY, A TOWN OF THE SUB-ALPINE REGION.

FREQUENTED WAYS.

By MARION I. NEWBIGIN, D.Sc.(Lond.), F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 15s. (Constable.)

Here is a really delightful book, practical in its application and stimulating in its theme. It is a study and "general survey of the land forms, climates and vegetation of Western Europe, considered in their relation to the life of man," and includes a detailed study of some typical regions. Dr. Newbigin claims that although Europe is the smallest of the continents, it shows more variety of scenery, of climate, of vegetation than is to be found within a similar area elsewhere. For a Londoner can find, say, glaciers at Chamonix seven hundred miles away, and within twenty-four hours, while a native of Montreal will have a journey of two thousand three hundred miles to get to the nearest glacier in the Rockies. And the same with every kind of natural phenomenon in earth structure, climate, botany, etc. Having indicated the interest that modern methods of geographical investigation may give to travel, the author applies these methods to a few type regions, the highlands of Scotland, the Alps, the Dolomites, France, North Italy, Provence and Trans-Apennine Italy. The reader is given almost a new window to look upon the world, and a fascinating panorama is laid invitingly before him.

XUM

DRYBURGH ABBEY IN THE LIGHT OF ITS HISTORICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL SETTING.

By the Rev. D. G. Manuel, B.D. 21s. (Blackwood.)

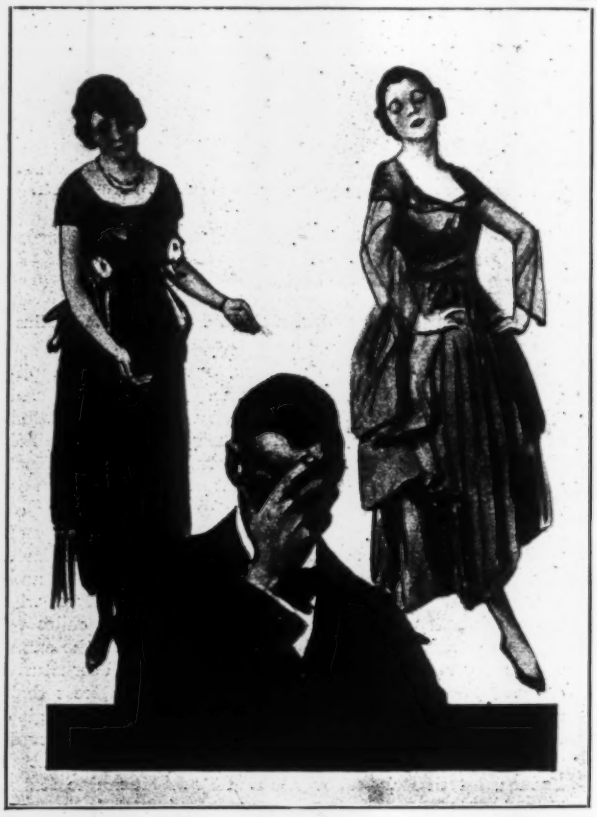
This interesting book, with its well-produced illustrations, which was a labour of love to the late Mr. Manuel, was practically finished at the time of his death. Mr. Manuel has little to say of the architectural features of Dryburgh Abbey; his object was "to tell from the spiritual point of view with all truth and charity the story of the Abbey as a Religious Institute, in order that his readers might draw from it certain solemn lessons which were perhaps never more needed by the Church than they are at present." It was Mr. Manuel who held, with the owner's permission, an annual service on a summer Sunday afternoon within its roofless walls: as an ancient ecclesiastical building it made a spiritual appeal to him which in this volume he endeavours to impress upon his readers.

THE DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA.

By G. Arnold Wood. With Illustrations and Maps. 25s. (Macmillan.)

The author of this account of the discovery of Australia is Professor of History in the University of Sydney, and the book is made up of lectures delivered to a class in the University in 1917. He begins in a very remote and leisurely fashion by discussing the geographical knowledge and theories of the ancient world, from the Greek geographers through the Arabs to the Middle Ages when certain travellers began to penetrate into the Far Far East and brought back glowing accounts of the marvels they had seen and encountered. Marco Polo was the greatest of these and after him came a period of eager search and thrusting forward, men looking for ways of getting at the riches of those fabulously rich lands. In the early fifteenth century Portugal was the great adventurer, then Spain, Holland, England took up the hunt. Australia proper was not touched until the sixteenth century had closed.

From **The Black Gang,** the new "Bull Dog Drummond" novel by Sapper (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **Wrapper Design.**



From **The Vision of Desire,** the delightful new novel by Margaret Pedler, just published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. **Wrapper Design.**

THE PROVINCES OF IRELAND.

Ulster, Munster, Connaught, 6s. 6d. each; Leinster, 7s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

The Cambridge University Press has done well in issuing these four volumes, each of which in very compact form deals with one of the provinces that make up Ireland—Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught, giving an account of each from the historical and geographical standpoints, also a description of the industrial activities, the social and economic conditions found within its boundaries. The plan for all four volumes is the same. First comes a note by Professor R. A. Stewart Macalister on the ancient geography and population, then Mr. R. Lloyd Praegar describes the topography, the mountains, lakes and rivers, traffic routes, the coast, the separate counties and their towns. The next section deals with geology, and is by Professor Grenville A. J. Cole. Next comes a highly condensed but very comprehensive note on the botany of the province, also by Mr. Praeger, and then two sections by Mr. E. C. R. Armstrong of the Dublin National Museum, dealing with antiquities and architecture. The general editor of the little series, Mr. George Fletcher, contributes a section on administration and another on industries and manufactures, and lastly Mr. Richard Irvine Best, of the National Library, sets forth a list of distinguished men born in the province.

From **Silent Highways of the Jungle** (*Chapman & Dodd*).

TYPICAL VILLAGE IN THE ANDES.

SILENT HIGHWAYS OF THE JUNGLE.

By G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S. 25s. (Chapman & Dodd.)

This is the record of an adventurous journey across Peru to the Amazon. It was undertaken at the instigation of Mr. A. B. Leguia, now President of Peru, with a view to ascertaining the feasibility of aerial transport into these remote but exceedingly rich sections of the Republic, where it is obvious railways cannot penetrate for many years to come. Mr. Dyott thinks favourably of the prospects. The book deals almost exclusively with remote parts of the interior on the eastern slope of the Andes, and gives a most dramatic picture of the climate and conditions. Mr. Dyott endured bitter cold and frightful heat; and had to cope with the almost unbearable slackness and unreliability of the native. "For those who have anything to do with Latin-American countries the greatest of all virtues necessary is patience." Almost all the chapters are exciting, but those dealing with the author's struggle with the mighty Amazon river have most fascinated the reviewer. "I had learned," he writes at length, "to hate the river; because, like some animated being, it had opposed me at every turn, tried to rob me of my possessions, tried to strangle me in its subtle grip. . . ." It is a miracle that Mr. Dyott won through. At the most difficult stage of his journey he was forsaken by his Indians, left battling with invisible monsters, in the dense green solitudes without food; "it was as if my life was running backwards . . . and that I was acquiring a new faculty of moving out of time." A stirring and wonderful book.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF JAPAN.

By J. W. ROBERTSON ("Home Counties"). 24s. net. (John Murray.)

The untravelled European is disposed to think of Japan in terms of musical comedy. Visions of almond-blossom, pergolas and dainty dancing girls flit through his fancy at the mention of the name. But to the Japan of reality the chink of coin is more precious than the scent of almond-blossom, and after reading Mr. Robertson's very able and interesting book one is inclined to lose the pergola in the shadow of the modern factory and to change one's picturesque dancing-girl into an overworked factory hand, slaving from 4.30 a.m. till 7 p.m. seven days a week, under iron conditions. "No money was paid for the first year. . . . . The girls were driven at top speed by a flag system in which one bay competed with another and was paid according to its earnings." The girls live and sleep at the factories, and in some cases, if a girl "breaks her contract" her name is sent to other factories to prevent her getting work elsewhere. "The Japanese in their present factory system," says Mr. Robertson, "as in other developments, insist on making for themselves all the mistakes that we

From **The Foundations of Japan** (*John Murray*).

THE MERCY OF BUDDHA.

The worshippers in the front row lost relations by a flood.

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From **The Hour of Magic and other poems**
By W. H. Davies. Decorated by William Nicholson
(*Jonathan Cape*).

have made and are now ashamed of." Mr. Robertson, whom many better know under his *nom de guerre* of "Home Counties," went to the East with an unbiased mind to study agricultural conditions and the general life of the people; his testimony is valuable because he has no axe to grind—he merely describes things as he found them. The student of Japan will find his book a mine of information; the general reader will find it of absorbing interest as well as a wonderful eye-opener.

FROM AN ABBEVILLE WINDOW.

By MARGUERITE FEDDEN. 5s. (Arrowsmith.)

Miss Fedden was in Abbeville from 1918 to 1919, looking after the Relatives' Hostel there. She tells her interesting tale vividly and well, her descriptions of the different people she met are excellent, more particularly her sketches of French domestics who worked for her. "One thing about French servants is that they are not in the least ashamed of being servants, but are proud of it." The pictures given of the relations are drawn with understanding and sympathy: "What a boon was tea at the Relatives' Hostel! We could almost always tell the state of the patient by the gait of the returning relatives as they crossed the courtyard. . . . If a relative came back in dead silence and entered the double doors of the drawing-room without a word, then was the time to ring and order hot, strong tea." We are sure that the kindly word, the friendly consolation proffered by this Englishwoman helped too.

SONG DEVICES AND JINGLES.

By ELEANOR SMITH. Pictured by FLORENCE YOUNG, S. B. PEARSE and KATHLEEN NIXON. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Divided into Dialogues, Rhythmic Games, Songs, and Greetings. Some of these are simplicity itself and will be enjoyed thoroughly by those mites who cannot concentrate for more than two minutes at a time. Take "Ages" for example. The teacher sings, "How old is Polly?" the children sing, "Four years old"; the teacher inquires, "How old is Molly?" the children reply, "Five years old"; the teacher asks, on B flat, "How old is Dolly?" and the children round up tunefully, "Six years old." That is all, and we submit that it is the very thing that we have been waiting for, to give the youngest class of all. But there is more than this. The children may be led gradually through these first simplicities to such tuneful songs as "The White-Throat" and "A Thanksgiving." Miss Smith has got hold of fresh, pretty verses, and the mother who feels she is not musical but would like her children to have music, can easily tackle the very easy harmonies presented here. Babies will love the Street cries, the constant references to animals and weather, and the joyous coloured pictures.

THE ISLE OF VANISHING MEN.

By W. F. ALDER. 8s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

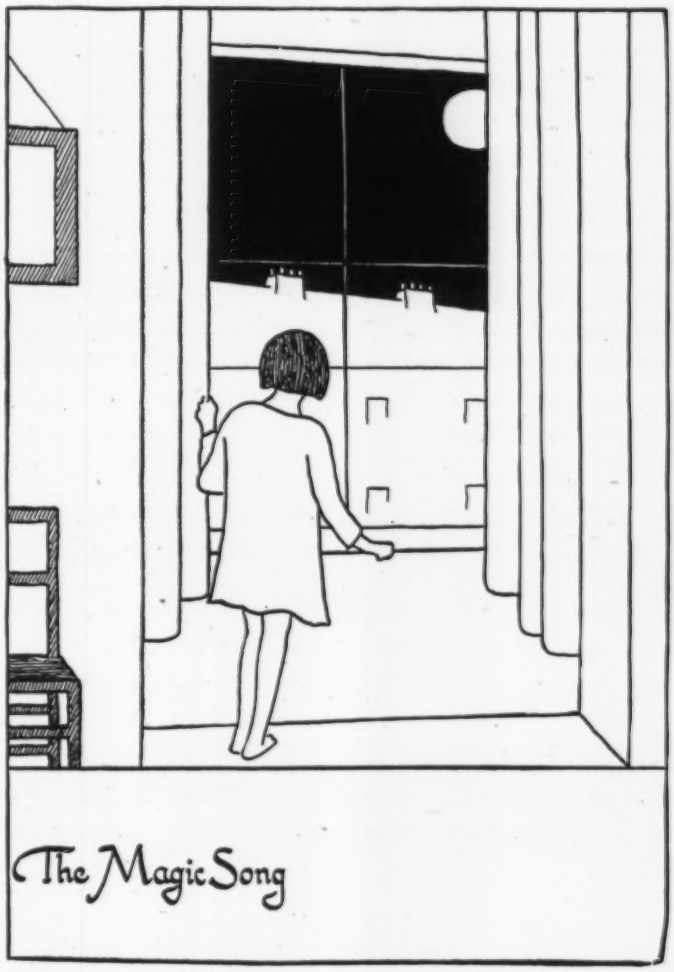
A narrative of adventure in Cannibal-land. You are transported by the author into that out-of-the-way island, New Guinea, where men and women still relish the taste of human flesh. ("There is no morsel that equals the left shoulder-blade of a ten- or twelve-year-old girl.") What a weird place it is, to be sure! Mr. Alder's account, though not very lengthy, is yet most convincing, and of course the admirable pictures are a great help. He gives us several snapshots showing the native with his hideous nose ornaments—"enormous tubes of bamboo, which entirely close the nostrils, making breathing possible only through the mouth." There is one very sinister picture of a hefty, much-decorated man, with a wild look, under which is written, "They may be friendly at one moment, and turn upon one the very next." We hear about the daily life, the laziness of the men, the industry of the women, the universal passion for tobacco, the kangaroo hunts, the feasts and orgies. A remarkable record of an intrepid party who fortunately escaped untouched.

From **The Trail of the Elk** IN THE HILLS.
By H. Fonbus. Illustrated by Harry Rountree
(*Jonathan Cape*).

HALF-PAST BEDTIME.

By H. H. Bashford. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

This is a most attractive book for children of all ages. The stories are full of quaint, whimsical ideas that make the book distinctly out of the ordinary. The author has a charming style, with more than a touch of poetry in it. There are fourteen "Half-Past Bedtime" tales, each separate, yet connected with each other by certain characters which take part in all the stories from first to last. At the end of each tale there is a short poem, which should give great pleasure to older readers — the younger will find the poems for the most part above their heads. Special mention must be made of the illustrations. They are by the author and add just the right touch. The clean, bold lines of them are a joy to the eye.



From **Half-Past Bedtime** (*Harrap*).

THE MAGIC SONG.

A CRICKETER'S LOG.

By Gilbert L. Jessop. 16s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If anyone ought to be able to speak with authority on the national game it should be Mr. Jessop, and he does so with equal modesty and interest. His recollections of the great "W. G." are not the least interesting of his reminiscences, although to the cricket enthusiast of to-day his accounts of the newer men may be more immediately engrossing. However, that is as you will; there is matter old and new, and Mr. Jessop's descriptions of some Homeric contests are very well done. He covers a wide field of play, so to speak, and the purely historical record is very pleasantly relieved by those little personal anecdotes which, especially to the general reader, are quite as interesting as the actual scores. The book is well illustrated and is wrapped in a jacket bearing four of those clever cartoons for which Mr. Frank Reynolds is justly famous. No lover of cricket can afford to omit this book from his library.

From **Christmas Carols**
Selected and edited by L. Edna Walter.
Harmonized by Lucy E. Bradwood.
Illustrated by J. H. Hartley.
(*Black*).

THE CAROL SINGERS.

WILD NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE.

By A Woodman. 6s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

H. J. Massingham's Foreword to a book is its sufficient passport to any nature lover's library. There is something of the primitive charm of the old Saxon writers in these homely tales of bird, beast and flower. They bring our staled senses close to the wholesome earth. The "Woodman" from boyhood led the hard life of an outdoor worker and there is nothing scientific in what he has set down, nothing but what we could see and hear for ourselves if we were not blind and deaf to all beyond our limited circle. He is an artist, a musician, a priest. He delights in colour, attitude, grouping; he recognises the voice that belongs to each insect, bird and beast, he has the soul of a priest who for ever sings a Te Deum to the great Creator. He is a poet too in his choice of words when he calls the owl's flight "floating." "Like a bit of thistledown borne on the wind, the Grey Hunter went over the field and just as quietly and softly he settled on the gate." His beautiful night studies are the result of hours spent summer and winter alike lying in wood or by hedgerow when he might have been in bed. He cries "mercy" on behalf of the harmless creatures against whom are raised the ignorant hands of farmer, gamekeeper and squire. It is a book that will make you happy to read.

KITCHEN ESSAYS.

By Lady Jekyll, D.B.E. (Nelson.)

Certain books make us feel that in not having met their authors we have missed something that would have added a pleasant savour to life. We cannot help feeling that the writer must be as delightful to talk with as her book is to read, that she has "turned off

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the tap whilst yet there is water in the cistern," and that we would like more of her refreshing humour. This is certainly the case with "Kitchen Essays"; and if it cannot be said that Lady Jekyll's stories are new, her chestnuts are "masked to whiteness with thinly-whipped sweetened cream"; and, glad to be reminded of old favourites, we cannot but enjoy the dish. And she is so understanding. She knows our breakfast feeling is that of the man who, meeting a bore, said, "If you have got anything to say to me, I wish you would kindly say it to somebody else." She knows the number of quarts of clear soup required for a hundred guests, the right cake for a syren's tea-party of two, and the propitious moment for asking a favour. She has even a suggestion for passing over pauses in the service at dinner, for, says she, "Puffed Wheat in labour-saving mother-o'-pearl shells will promote such conversation as Lord Acton yearned for when he bade his friend remember that 'one touch of *ill*-nature makes the whole world kin!'" The knowledge of our weaknesses, the kindly human fillip she gives us, make this book a joy to possess. The recipes are excellent—I speak as one who on receipt of it at once began to try them—and will prevent countless housemaids from sitting down under a rule of what the schoolboy alluded to in an examination paper as "that practice introduced by the Greeks of a man having only one wife, which was called *Monotony*." Let us hope Lady Jekyll will give us more of these delicious dishes and drinks for all occasions.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

By HENRY JAMES. With illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL. New Edition. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

There will always be a steady flow of readers for this pleasant, intimate book by Henry James, and a new edition—the first since 1907—is particularly welcome now that there is also again a steady flow of tourists to the parts of France that are not Paris. It is more than twenty years since the author started out, wishful to shake off the assumption, so generally held, that Paris is France; and he began one rainy morning in mid-September by journeying to the lovely land of Touraine and through the chain of beauty — Tours, Blois, Chambord, Amboise, Chenonceaux, Langrais, Loches, Bourges, Poitiers, Toulouse, Carcassonne, Montpellier, Arles, Avignon, Vaucluse, Beaune, and many another joy — till he reached the end of his tour and the completion of his plan at Dijon. The book has a charm as of letters written to a friend, and nothing could better enhance the descriptions than the delicate art of Joseph Pennell.

From George Borrow : Lord of the Open Road
By R. Thurston Hopkins
(*Jarrolds*).

GEORGE BORROW.

From The Discovery of Australia
(*Macmillan*).

WILLIAM DAMPIER.
From the painting by Thomas Murray in the N.P.G.

J. S. BACH'S ORIGINAL HYMN TUNES FOR CONGREGATIONAL USE.

Edited with Notes by CHARLES STANFORD TERRY. 3s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

After a careful study of the sixty Hymn tunes attributed to Bach, Dr. Terry has selected for inclusion in this volume twenty-six which may be taken as authentically his and are not only beautiful in melodic and emotional quality, but are fully characteristic of his work. Old and modern English hymns in common use in the official Hymn books of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches have been found for most of these tunes, and when none such are to be had Dr. Terry supplies translations of the German originals. A very interesting compilation which renders some noble melodies of this master of music available for our Church services.

VOLTAIRE.

By J. M. Robertson. 3s. 6d. (Watts.)

This is the latest addition to Messrs. Watts's admirable series of Life Stories of Famous Men. For years after his death, down even to the beginning of this century, Voltaire was imposed upon the general imagination as a sinister and incorrigible atheist, a mocker of religion, a scorner of all things good. That misrepresentation of him has now no more than a lingering and limited vogue, and is only accepted by those who are unacquainted with the facts of his career, especially those facts to his credit which roused the anger of the Roman Catholic hierarchy against him and brought down its denunciation upon him as an enemy of the Church, when he was (in that terrible case of the persecuted man, Calas) merely the resolute enemy of injustice, championing the good name of an innocent

From **Voltaire** (*Watts*). **VOLTAIRE.**

From the pastel of Latour, preserved at Ferney.

Protestant against his bigoted and merciless accusers. Mr. Robertson has written a very concise and impartial biography, supplementing it with a character-study of the man and a careful, discriminating criticism of his work. The book is illustrated with four portraits.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN CHINA.

By Yan Phou Lee. (Harrap.)

We have found this modest little book of real interest. The author has simply explained briefly his youth in China. He chats of early days, when he has to be respectful to seniors and dignified of demeanour, constrained, sober and dull. We have a glimpse of a Chinese evening, when the ladies, young and old, sit down to a game of dominoes. Yan Phou Lee went to school at six and studied the "Thousand Word Classic." He dwells on the passion of the race for stories and storytelling. "In the public streets and squares, professional storytellers congregate from noon to midnight, going over the achievements of a hero, or portraying the despair of a lover." This slender

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From **The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel**
By Baroness Orczy
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By Baroness Orczy. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

As packed with incident as its predecessors. The stage is crowded, and Theresia Cabarrus, the wicked Chauvelin and the flashing Pimpernel play great parts. Excitement in the book steadily runs higher and culminates in the kidnapping of Lady Blakeney, who is made prisoner by her husband's enemies. "After a while a curious scent pervaded the interior of the coach—a sweet, heady scent that appeared to weigh her eyelids down and give her a feeling of delicious and lazy beatitude." She finds herself in a Parisian attic, sick with fear that, when her lord comes to rescue her, he will be seized by his foes. The Baroness is luckily not at all tired of Sir Percy. We find him in these pages in his full glory; languid, supercilious, his slender hands framed in priceless Mechlin lace. Needless to say he rescues his wife, and speaks thus in his disguise: "'I must indeed crave your ladyship's forgiveness. In very truth I am a disgusting object!' Ah! there was the voice, the dear, dear, merry voice! A little weary, perhaps, but oh! so full of laughter and a boyish shamefacedness! To Marguerite it seemed as if God's own angels had opened to her the gates of Paradise. . . ."

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From The Story of Southwark Cathedral (*Sampson Low*).

THE CATHEDRAL, AS SEEN FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

THE STORY OF SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL.

By the REV. T. P. STEVENS. 2s. net. (Sampson Low.)

This excellent little guide is inscribed to The Man on London Bridge of whose knowledge of London's history the author is justifiably sceptical. It is like the subject of an impressive and somewhat saddening allegory to think of the endless crowds who hang over the bridge, caring nothing for and knowing nothing of the storied past. We sincerely wish that this little book will find its way into the hands of many of them. It is written simply and attractively and without any of the usual architectural or antiquarian pedantry. After a general sketch of the history of the cathedral, the original of which "was almost finished before Westminster Abbey was begun," Mr. Stevens takes us round the building in detail and comments on its chief architectural features and on its impressive literary associations. It is characteristic of Mr. Stevens's thoroughness that he does not forget among so many great names to chronicle that of Alice Ayres, the poor little servant girl, whose gallant self-devotion is celebrated by the books on the shabby lectern. We endorse Mr. Stevens's hope that "whoever gives a new one will place upon it an inscription to the effect that it is a memorial of one of whom it may be said, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

THE LADY OF LEYBOURNE.

By CHESTER KEITH.
7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Mr. Chester Keith's new book is abundant proof that the path of the historical novel is beset with difficulty. Characters readily become figures and the human interest less than the pageant show. The action of tourney and knightly encounter is not of itself enough to hold the attention when the fair ladies do not leave their place in the tapestry and walk among us. The scene is laid on the Welsh border and in France and the time is the reign of Henry II. The luckless heroine is pursued by misfortunes which seem excessive even in the early Middle Ages, but at long last all comes well. Mr. Keith gives us many stirring passages and goes out boldly for a death. We must not be too critical if we hear the mechanism clanking. "The lady had no premonition that Sir Odo's footstep would never again sound on these stones," he tells us, and the murder of the villain finds us prepared. It is all very jolly if we don't take it too seriously, but Mr. Keith has put a lot of material into his story and the result seems hardly commensurate with his pains.

HIDDEN PLACES.

By BERTRAND SINCLAIR.
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(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Imagine a man who is plunged into the horror of the front-line trenches in Flanders; imagine him receiving from his wife an intimation that she, at home in London, no longer cares for him and has in fact transferred her affections to another man; imagine the soldier scarred out of recognition by a German shell, so that his face gives an involuntary shudder of horror to all who see him—what henceforth is to be his life? That is the story—or part of it—of Bob Hollister. A new and better love comes to him, but brings in its train a terrible complication, and Hollister has to fight another campaign. The author is to be congratulated on avoiding sickly sentiment and yet making the most of some very fine opportunities. Most of the scenes are laid in British Columbia and are convincingly painted, but there is not too much of the strong, silent man amid the great stillness business. This is a book well worth reading.

From Dryburgh Abbey (*Blackwood*).

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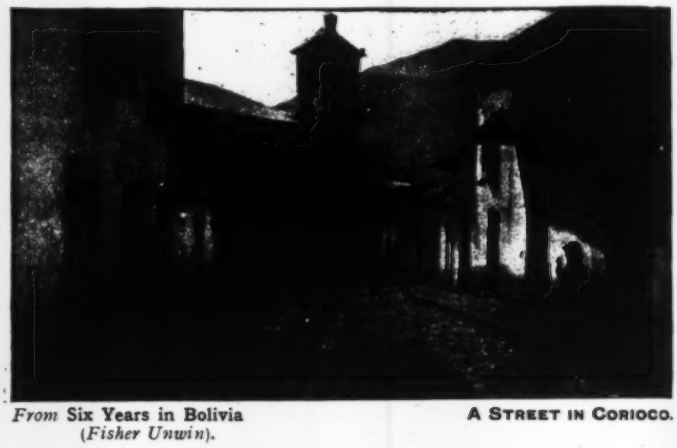

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